

The Sketch



No. 589.—Vol. XLVI.

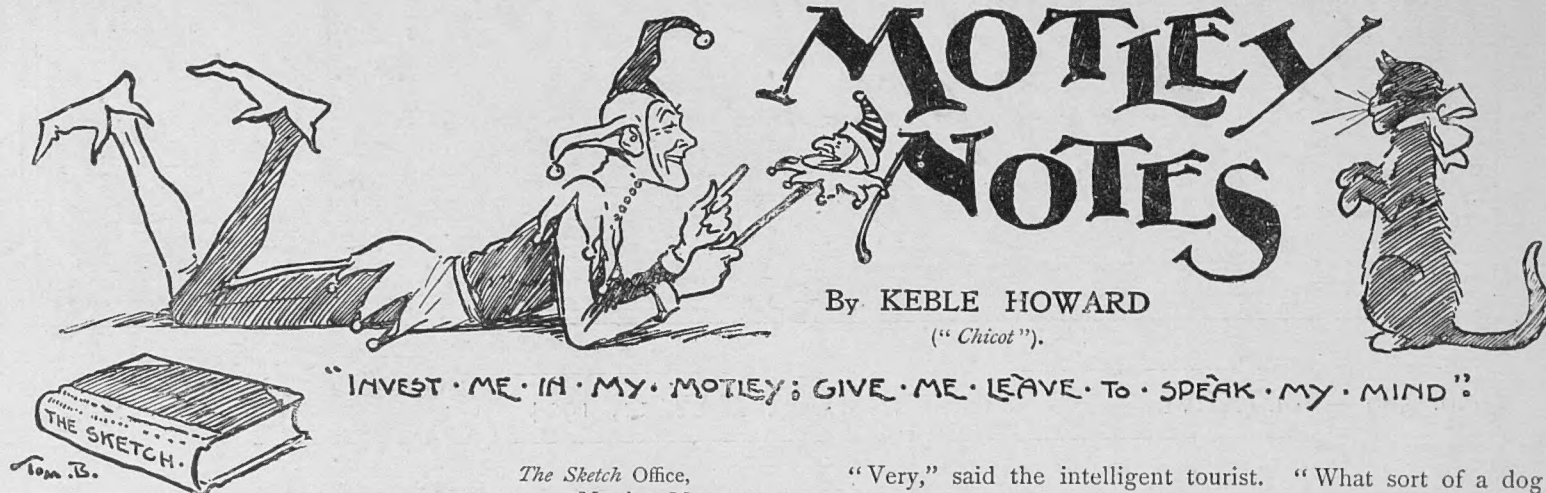
WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, 1904

SIXPENCE.



"THOUGHTS."—HERBERT SCHMALZ.

Exhibited at the New Gallery.



WE left Paddington, the Artist and I, at five o'clock last Monday afternoon, and just three hours later we were breathing the pure, leaf-scented air of the Forest of Arden. I have heard it asserted by people of little knowledge that the Forest of Arden never had any existence outside the brain of Shakspeare. And yet it was only one week ago that I revisited, for the hundredth time, Henley-in-Arden, a village that was known by that name long, long before the author of "As You Like It" peered with round, wondering eyes upon the oaken beams of his father's residence at Stratford-upon-Avon. And, for all that he made Touchstone exclaim, "Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I," we can see that Shakspeare loved his forest, and drew from its flickering glades and tangled by-ways the inspiration for that comedy in which Touchstone played so ungrateful, though so lovable, a part. The Forest of Arden, to this day, is full of Shaksperes, though none of them, so far as I am aware, has the good fortune to be a poet. Thus, I am glad to reckon among my friends a Shakspeare who is a tobacconist, a Shakspeare who is a draper, a Shakspeare who is a stone-mason. You will observe that each of them spells his name with a slight difference, but they are proud, I know, to pronounce it in the same way. Nor would they, under any circumstances, echo the plaint of Master Touchstone.

Towards midnight, the Artist expressed a desire to walk abroad. Humouring his mood, I led him through the silent, winding street and out upon the high-road that leads to Birmingham. There was no thought of Birmingham in our minds, however, as we breasted the night and watched the great moon creeping heavenwards across a sea of deepest blue. Save for the wind in the trees, not a sound reached our ears. The Artist, as he strode along with upturned face, breathed deep sighs of satisfaction.

"Happy?" I asked.

"Ripping," he replied. "Got a match?"

He lit his pipe, eventually, and once more we went forward. Presently we came to a deep cutting, and I told him of the great coaches that, years ago, used to roll between those towering banks on their journeys from Birmingham to London. He listened attentively, filling another pipe the while. More splutterings of matches followed, and then we set our faces towards home. We were both a little affected, I think, by the grandeur of the night and the beauty of our surroundings. The Artist, indeed, began to tell me the story of his past. Luckily enough, I was able to interrupt the recital by a suggestion of supper.

On the next day we cycled over to Warwick, and I led my guest to the Castle, the Church, and the Leicester Hospital. We were shown round the last-named place in company with a tourist who insisted on taking an intelligent interest in every object to which our veteran guide made reference. No stone but he must tap it, no door but he must knock at it, no window but he must peer through it. I began to wonder whether we should ever escape. I did not dare to interrupt the remarks of the broad-shouldered cicerone, despite the fact that he told us quite as much about his parentage, and his upbringing, and his career, as he did about the Hospital.

At last, however, we came to a dog-collar that had been given to the institution by somebody or other at a date so remote as to deprive the fact of any importance whatsoever.

"This here," said the guide, "is a dog-collar that was presented—" and so on.

"A dog-collar," repeated the intelligent tourist.

"Yes, sir," said the guide, impressively, "that's what 'tis. And a very fine dog-collar, too."

"Very," said the intelligent tourist. "What sort of a dog did you say it was?"

I fled, screaming shrilly, and the Artist hurried after me.

At Kenilworth and at Guy's Cliffe I undertook the duties of guide myself. After all, it doesn't really matter very much which particular tower is sacred to the memory of Amy Robsart, and I am sure the one I selected was a very nice tower. The Artist, I noted, was decently interested in the Great Banqueting Hall—I wonder, by the way, whether that was the Chapel?—but still more interested in a view we obtained from the top of one of the towers of some men dipping sheep. On leaving the Castle—one falls, naturally, into the style of the school magazine—we refreshed ourselves at a neighbouring hostelry, and the Artist purchased souvenirs of his visit, in the form of picture-postcards, from the ancient dame who—er—plys her trade beneath the frowning Keep. We then retraced our steps to Guy's Cliffe, where a halt was called in order that we might enjoy the beautiful view of the house as seen from the Old Mill. Here, too, postcards were purchased, the vendor, in this case, being a quaint old man in a top-hat somewhat the worse for wear. And so home by way of Warwick, after what was generally admitted to have been a most enjoyable day.

P.S.—The Editor desires to state that he cannot accept any poems on the subject of Amy Robsart, as he has written one himself.

On the morning of Friday, at the hour of nine or thereabouts, they brought me my usual cup of tea and my usual copy of the *Birmingham Daily Post*. It was then, and not till then, that I learnt of the important, strange, exciting, record-breaking scene at the New Theatre. The gallery, it seemed, had booed at the new play, and Sir Charles Wyndham had indulged in sarcasms at the expense of the gallery. I read the account carefully, but I regret to say that my pulse remained normal. The writer, I may mention, was in no way to blame. His description of the scene was perfectly accurate. That I knew, for I had witnessed so many, many scenes of a similar nature. It was the environment, of course, that made the difference. I looked up from the paper, and my eyes rested on green leaves, green hills, a summer sky, hastening shadows. My window was wide open, and the room was filled with the scent of wall-flowers. Did I take any interest, do you suppose, in those pale-faced youths who sit aloft and hoot? Did I care a rap, do you imagine, whether Sir Charles Wyndham was justified or not in speaking of organised opposition? Not I! Let me hasten to admit, however, that it all seems very important now that I am once again in London. Yes, I feel sure that it does.

—Amongst the alarming budget that greets my return, I find a letter from a correspondent who takes exception to my remarks on the subject of "Saturday to Monday." I found fault with the authors of that play, I remember, for having caused their hero—or, at any rate, their actor-manager—to put three confiding women to shame by trifling with their affections. "Turn up an article on Leap Year's Day," my correspondent exclaims, "and compare it with 'Chicot's' reflections respecting the sanctity of Woman. Who mocked at a woman's hopeless love and fled from her?" This, of course, is all a mistake. I certainly did describe, in another place, my providential escape from a lady who proposed to me in a cab on the night of February the Twenty-ninth. But I was careful to explain that I had given the person no encouragement whatever, whereas Mr. George Alexander, in "Saturday to Monday," deliberately makes love to all these women, proposes to them (as far as I remember), and then coolly informs them that they are making a mistake. I feel quite hurt that my correspondent should suspect me of "mocking at a woman's hopeless love." Indeed, were it not for the fact that the space at my disposal is already exhausted, I should wax highly indignant at the insinuation.

"THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM," AT THE NEW THEATRE.

(SEE "THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.")



SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

MR. W. S. GILBERT'S NEW PLAY AT THE GARRICK, "THE FAIRY'S DILEMMA."

Lady Angela Wealdstone
(Miss Violet Vanbrugh).Rev. Aloysius Parfitt, M.A.
(Mr. O. B. Clarence).Mr. Justice Whortle
(Mr. Sydney Valentine).Clarissa
(Miss Dorothy Grimston). Colonel Sir Trevor Mauleverer
(Mr. Arthur Bourchier).

ACT I., SCENE 2.—THE VICARAGE OF ST. PARABOLA'S.

Mr. Justice Whortle fails to understand the situation.

Lady Angela Wealdstone.

Mr. Justice Whortle. Colonel Sir Trevor Mauleverer.

Rev. Aloysius Parfitt.

ACT II., SCENE 4.—A LONDON STREET.

The transformation brought about by the waving of the Fairy Rosebud's wand.

Rev. Aloysius Parfitt.

Clarissa.

Mr. Justice Whortle.

The Fairy Rosebud
(Miss Jessie Bateman). The Demon Alcohol
(Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw).Lady Angela Wealdstone. Colonel Sir Trevor
Mauleverer.

ACT II., SCENE 5.—THE VICARAGE OF ST. PARABOLA'S.

The Fairy Rosebud and the Demon Alcohol, themselves transformed, set all things straight in the "strange, eventful history."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

PARIS, ROUEN, AND DIEPPE AT WHITSUN.—14-DAY EXCURSIONS. Via Newhaven. SATURDAY, May 21, from Victoria and London Bridge 10 a.m. (First and Second Class), and Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, May 19 to 22, from Victoria and London Bridge 8.50 p.m. (First, Second, and Third Class). Fares, Paris 39s. 3d., 30s. 3d., 26s.; Rouen 35s. 3d., 27s. 3d., 23s. 8d. Dieppe 32s., 25s., 20s.

DIEPPE.—FRIDAY TO WEDNESDAY CHEAP RETURN TICKETS. From London Bridge and Victoria, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, May 20 to 23. Fare, by Day or Night Service (First and Second Class), 24s., 19s., and by Night Service only (Third Class) 15s., available for return up to May 25.

Details of Continental Manager, London Bridge Terminus.

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PARIS, via FOLKESTONE-BOULOGNE or DOVER-CALAIS, First Class, 58s. 4d., Second Class, 37s. 6d., Third Class, 30s., available by 2.20 p.m. and 9 p.m. Services from CHARING CROSS on May 19, 20, 21, and 22; also by 10 a.m. Service on May 21. Returning from PARIS by certain Trains within 14 days.

BRUSSELS and Back, via CALAIS or BOULOGNE, 22s. 11d., via Ostend, 18s. 4d. Tickets available for 8 days.

BOULOGNE, leaving CHARING CROSS 2.20 p.m., May 21. Returning 12 noon or 7.10 p.m. on Whit-Monday, First Class, 21s., Third Class, 12s. 6d. Special 8-day Tickets to BOULOGNE and CALAIS; SATURDAY to MONDAY, CHEAP TICKETS to CALAIS; and 8-day Excursions to OSTEND, AMSTERDAM, THE HAGUE, &c. Continental Services will run as usual.

CHEAP RETURN TICKETS to TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, BEXHILL, CANTERBURY, WHITSTABLE, HERNE BAY, BIRCHINGTON, WEST-GATE, MARGATE, BROADSTAIRS, RAMSGATE, SANDWICH, DEAL, WALMER, DOVER, FOLKESTONE, SHORNCIFFE, HYTHE, SANDGATE, and NEW ROMNEY (LITTLESTONE-ON-SEA), will be issued from LONDON by certain Trains on Friday and Saturday, May 20 and 21, available to return on Wednesday, May 25, by any Train (Mail and Boat Expresses excepted).

CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS on WHIT-SUNDAY and WHIT-MONDAY from the principal LONDON STATIONS to ASHFORD, CANTERBURY, DEAL, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, GRAVESEND (ROSHERVILLE GARDENS), HASTINGS, BEXHILL, WHITSTABLE, HERNE BAY, BIRCHINGTON, RAMSGATE, BROADSTAIRS, MARGATE, HYTHE, SANDGATE, FOLKESTONE, DOVER, &c.

CHEAP DAY EXCURSION to ALDERSHOT on WHIT-MONDAY, leaving CHARING CROSS at 9.24 a.m. Return Fare, 3s. Third Class. Also CHEAP AFTERNOON EXCURSION to WHITSTABLE and HERNE BAY on WHIT-SUNDAY, leaving VICTORIA and HOLBORN at 2.55 p.m., and CHARING CROSS at 2.15 p.m. Return Fare, 2s. 6d. Third Class.

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For full particulars of the above Excursions, Extension of Time for certain Return Tickets, Alterations in Train Services, &c., see Special Holiday Programme and Bills.

VINCENT W. HILL, General Manager.

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WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.

EXCURSIONS FROM ST. PANCRAS

(with bookings from City, Greenwich, and Woolwich Stations) will be run as follows—

Destination.	Date.	Period.
Belfast and North of Ireland ...	Thursday, May 19	16 days.
Dublin and South of Ireland ...	Thursday, May 19	16 days.
Ireland (via Morecambe ...)	Friday, May 20	16 days.
Londonderry via Morecambe and direct ...	Saturday, May 21	16 days.
Steamer ...		
Carlisle, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other parts of Scotland ...	Friday, May 20	8 or 16 days.
All parts of the Midlands, Lancashire, Yorkshire, &c. ...	Friday, Midnight, May 20	3, 6, or 8 days.
	Saturday, Midnight, May 21	2, 5, or 7 days.
		and 3, 6, or 8 days
Lake District and Carlisle ...	Saturday, May 21	3, 6, or 8 days.
Watering-Places of Derbyshire, Yorkshire, and Lancashire ...	Saturday, May 21	3, 6, or 8 days.
Bedford, Leicester, Nottingham, Birmingham, &c. ...	Whit-Monday, May 23	1 to 5 days.
St. Albans, Harpenden, Luton ...	Whit-Monday, May 23	1 and 1 day.
Manchester (Races), Stockport, Nottingham, and Sheffield ...	Tuesday, Noon, May 24	2, 3, or 5 days.
	Tuesday, Night, May 24	2, 3, or 4 days
Manchester (Races), Stockport, and Sheffield ...	Thursday, Midnight, May 26	2 days.
Nottingham ...	Friday, Morning, May 27	
	Whit-Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, and daily during May and June	1 day.
Southend and Westcliff-on-Sea ...		

WEEKLY EXCURSIONS.

For particulars of weekly excursions to various Tourist Resorts, see Midland Excursion Programmes, to be obtained GRATIS.

EXTENSION OF WEEK-END TICKETS.

Week-end tickets are issued every Friday and Saturday from LONDON (St. Pancras) and other principal Midland Stations to the CHIEF SEASIDE and INLAND HOLIDAY RESORTS, including the Peak District of Derbyshire, Yorkshire, the North-East Coast, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and all parts of Scotland. For the Whitsuntide Holidays these tickets will be available for returning on Sunday (where train-service permits), Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, May 22, 23, 24, and 25.

TICKETS, HILLS, &c., at ST. PANCRAS and other MIDLAND STATIONS and CITY BOOKING-OFFICES, and from THOS. COOK and SON, Ludgate Circus, and Branch Offices.

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To CHERBOURG on May 21, Fare 23s. 6d. To HAVRE on May 20 and 21, also to ST. MALO on May 20, Fares 24s. 6d.

FAST EXCURSIONS

to the COASTS of HANTS, DORSET, SOMERSET, NORTH and SOUTH DEVON, NORTH CORNWALL, ISLE OF WIGHT, &c. For particulars and bookings to other places, also

ADDITIONAL AND LATE TRAINS

to the WEST OF ENGLAND, WEYMOUTH, BOURNEMOUTH, SOUTHAMPTON, PORTSMOUTH (for the ISLE OF WIGHT), &c., see programmes, obtainable at any of the Company's London Stations and Offices, or from Mr. Henry Holmes, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.

CHAS. J. OWENS, General Manager.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS will be run from EUSTON, BROAD STREET, WOOLWICH, KENSINGTON (Addison Road), WILLESDEN JUNCTION, and other London Stations, as follows—

On THURSDAY, MAY 19, to IRELAND.

On FRIDAY, MAY 20, to Blackpool, Southport, Carlisle, Lake District, Furness Line Stations, North, South, and Central Wales, Cambrian Coast, Scotland, North Staffordshire Stations, Principal Stations in Lancashire and Yorkshire, Buxton District.

On FRIDAY, MAY 20, and SATURDAY, MAY 21, to Liverpool and Manchester Districts and Isle of Man.

On SATURDAY, MAY 21, and MONDAY, MAY 23, to Birmingham and South Staffordshire District.

On TUESDAY NIGHT, MAY 24, WEDNESDAY, 25th, and THURSDAY NIGHT, 26th, to Manchester for Whitsuntide Races.

For Times, Fares, and full particulars see Small Bills, which can be obtained at any of the Company's Stations and Town Offices; or on application to Mr. R. Turnbull, Superintendent of the Line, Euston Station, N.W.

FREDERICK HARRISON, General Manager.

Euston Station, London, May 1904.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

THE CHEAP WEEK-END TICKETS, usually issued each Friday

and Saturday, will be issued on Friday, May 20, or Saturday, May 21, available for return on Sunday, May 22, Monday, May 23, Tuesday, May 24, or Wednesday, May 25, with the exception that tickets to Caister-on-Sea, Cromer, Gorleston, Lowestoft, Mablethorpe, Mundesley-on-Sea, Weybourne, Sheringham, Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, West Runton, Woodhall Spa, and Yarmouth, are available for return on day of issue or on any day up to Wednesday, May 25, inclusive (if train service admits).

CHEAP EXCURSIONS FROM LONDON (KING'S CROSS, SUBURBAN STATIONS, &c.).

Friday, May 20, for 8 or 16 days, to NORTHALLERTON, DARLINGTON, RICHMOND, DURHAM, NEWCASTLE, ALNWICK, BERWICK, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, OBAN, PERTH, DUNDEE, ABERDEEN, INVERNESS, and other stations in Scotland; Friday, May 20, for 3, 6, or 8 days, to PETERBOROUGH, GRANTHAM, NOTTINGHAM, NEWARK, RETFORD, SHEFFIELD, MANCHESTER, WARRINGTON, LIVERPOOL, DONCASTER, WAKEFIELD, LEEDS, BRADFORD, HALIFAX, &c.

Saturday, May 21, for 3, 6, or 8 days, to PRINCIPAL STATIONS IN NORFOLK, LINCOLNSHIRE, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, DERBYSHIRE, STAFFORDSHIRE, LANCASHIRE, YORKSHIRE, NORTH-EASTERN DISTRICT, &c.; also for 1, 3, or 4 days to SKEGNESS, SUTTON-ON-SEA, and MABLETHORPE.

Saturday, May 21, and each Saturday until September 24, for 3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days, to SKEGNESS, SUTTON-ON-SEA, MABLETHORPE, GRIMSBY, NEW CLEE, CLEETHORPES, BRIDLINGTON, FILEY, SCARBOROUGH, ROBIN HOOD'S BAY, WHITBY, SALTBURN, REDCAR, APPLEBY, TYNEMOUTH, WHITLEY BAY, CULLERCOATS, BEN RHYDDING, ILKLEY, HARROGATE, LIVERPOOL, SOUTHPORT, and DOUGLAS (Isle of Man).

Whit-Monday, May 23, for 1, 2, or 3 days, to GRANTHAM and NOTTINGHAM, also for 1 day to ST. ALBANS, HERTFORD, WHEATHAMSTEAD, HARPENDEN, LUTON, DUNSTABLE, HITCHIN, BALDOCK, ASHWELL, ROYSTON, MELDRETH, CAMBRIDGE, HIGGLESWADE, SANDY, TEMPSFORD, ST. NEOTS, HUNTINGDON, PETERBOROUGH, SKEGNESS, SUTTON-ON-SEA, and MABLETHORPE.

Tuesday, May 24, for 2, 3, 4, or 5 days, also Thursday, May 26, for 2 days, to GRANTHAM, NOTTINGHAM, RETFORD, WORKSOP, SHEFFIELD, and MANCHESTER (Races).

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OFFICE: 198, STRAND, W.C.

THE CLUBMAN.

*How the Russian Fought in the Crimea—The Talk of the Service Clubs—
Thibet Again—The Indian Staff College.*

SOME of the incidents of the great battle on the Yalu read like the accounts of the fighting in the Crimea fifty years ago. There the Russians in their sorties were often led by their priests, and it was difficult to persuade our men that it was a necessity to shoot these fine, inspired fellows, who fought in their flowing robes, just as much as it was necessary to shoot any other leader. A fighting priest who miraculously escaped bullets would be worth a score of ordinary officers, and the safest place for any of his followers would be as close to him as possible. The priest who led a regiment at the Yalu was struck by two bullets, and, no doubt, the Japanese, who have a great admiration for bravery in an enemy, regretted the cruel necessity to kill him, just as the French and ourselves were grieved to kill his like half-a-century ago.

The two Russian regiments on which the brunt of the fighting fell took their colours into action, and it is expressly stated in the Russian General's reports that the standards were carried safely out of action by a bayonet-charge. The Russians alone of European nations now bear their consecrated squares of silk into action. In doing so they show a disregard for human life, for the two coloured dots above a line of men form a splendid object on which an enemy can train his guns and a point on which to concentrate infantry fire. In old days, when hand-to-hand fighting between bodies of infantry was probable and charges of cavalry against infantry were incidents in nearly every battle, the colours formed a rallying-point for a regiment, and every man looked for the gleaming silk and gold above the smoke and stir of close fighting as the point on which to concentrate.

It was after the fatal day of Isandhlwana, when Melville and Coghill gave their lives to save the colours of the 24th Regiment, that the heads of the British Army determined that the certain loss of life in modern warfare necessitated by the presence of colours on a battle-ground was too great to justify their retention in the field, and our regiments now leave their standards either at the county dépôts or in charge of the Dean and Chapter of a Cathedral when they are ordered on active service. The ceremony of the rendition of colours to a corps on its return from a campaign has added a new and a very picturesque ceremony to the services of the Cathedrals.

In all the smoking-rooms of the Service Clubs, and over every dinner-table at which a military man has sat during the past week, the supreme subject of discussion has been, "Why did the Russians wait to fight on the Yalu?" The Russian Generals have been silent as to their reasons for allowing the Japanese to come to hand-grips so soon in the campaign, and as to why they fought an important battle with their reserves so far to the rear as to be unavailable; but the French officers, who are likely to understand Russian intentions better than we do, have been talking very freely, and the conclusion to which the "Allied Nation" has come is that someone blundered badly.

General Kuropatkin has announced from the commencement of the campaign that he should choose his own time and his own positions to fight seriously, and it is thought in Paris, and apparently in St. Petersburg also, that Generals Sassulitch and Kashtalinsky forced their commander's hand, having a confidence in the superiority of their troops over the Japanese which induced them to stay and fight a determined battle, and get beaten for their pains, when they were intended to hinder the Japanese and delay the crossing of the river, not to commit themselves to a serious action. No argument is worth the discussion unless there are two opinions, and some of the would-be authorities believe that General Kuropatkin had set the whole of the Siberian Army in movement towards the Yalu, but that the Japanese were too quick for him. The enigma of the battle is, "Where was General Mistchenko and his Cossack Brigade?"

The Thibetans are something like our own honourable selves in not knowing when they are beaten, and they have come up to the scratch again to be again beaten. No campaign in Thibet could possibly be carried through without the enemy attempting to rush a camp by night, which has always been their tactical trump-card, and this has now happened at Gyantse. Nothing but the presence of a British force in Lassa will ever persuade the monks there that we are in a position to dictate terms, and it would be inhumanity to our men to keep them unnecessarily for another winter in Thibet. Therefore, the sooner Colonel Younghusband and his escort start on the last stage of their journey to the Thibetan capital, the better it will be for everybody concerned except the Grand Lama.

Lord Kitchener's proposals for the reorganisation of the Indian Army have now arrived in England. The redistribution of the troops in India has not yet been definitely decided on, but a clean sweep of minor considerations is to be made. The frontiers of British India have continually changed during the past half-century, and when the red line has been set back another hundred miles or two the barracks and public buildings of the frontier towns that were have been considered too valuable to be left untenanted, and regiments have been anchored in cantonments which have ceased to have a strategic value simply because there happens to be good and extensive barrack-accommodation there.



SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE KING and Queen were unfeignedly delighted with the success of their Irish visit, and especially with the notably friendly, almost uncere- monious, character of the welcome accorded them by all classes of Irishmen and Irishwomen. What is particularly significant is the attitude of the Roman Catholic clergy: not only the Bishop of Ossory, but humble parish priests took part in the receptions, therein follow- ing the lead of Archbishop

Walsh, who attended the King's Levée in Dublin last year. All but the most extreme Nationalists are beginning to see that what has been called "the golden link of the Crown" is a necessary element of any Home Rule scheme short of an Irish Republic.

The King and the Army. His Majesty has conferred upon the Royal Regiment of Artillery and the Corps of Royal Engineers the honour of becoming their Colonel-

in-Chief, in succession to the late Duke of Cambridge. The honour is significant of the enormously increased import- ance of both the Gunners and the Sappers in modern warfare. We have indeed travelled a long way from the time when, so recently as the beginning of the eighteenth century, the trains of artillery were disbanded after each campaign. His Majesty thus acquires two new uniforms—the blue with scarlet facings of the Gunners and the scarlet with dark-blue facings of the Sappers. Like the Gunners, the Sappers have all the battle- honours there are, because they have taken part in every campaign. The Sappers are also disrespectfully known as "The Mudlarks" and "The Measurers," while their mounted contingent has been denominated "The Flying Bricklayers." But upon their roll are the great names of Napier of Magdala, "Chinese Gordon," Kitchener, and many another almost equally famous.

Their Majesties' Plans.

The King and Queen now have a period of comparative rest to look forward to after their wanderings in many lands. Next Friday there is the second Court at Buckingham Palace, and on Friday week the third Court, and then their Majesties will go to Windsor to spend a quiet Whitsuntide. The King will, of course, be at Newmarket this week, and the Prince of Wales will, no doubt, be there too, for His Royal Highness has taken over the quarters at the Jockey Club rooms which were occupied for years by the late Duke of Cambridge.

The Prince and Trinity House.

Next Monday the Prince of Wales and the Elder Brethren of Trinity House lunch with the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House. Trinity House is the Corporation which guards our coasts with lightships and buoys, and it is appropriate that our Sailor Prince should be in command of it, so to speak. No doubt, the two new Elder Brethren will seize the opportunity to be made free of the craft. These are Mr. Balfour and Lord Selborne, who will both look well in the rather handsome uniform in which, it will be remembered, Mr. Gladstone used always to appear on occasions of great ceremony.

The Prince and the "K.R.R.C."

The Prince of Wales has succeeded the Duke of Cam- bridge as Colonel-in-Chief of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, the gallant regiment in which his first-cousin, Prince Christian Victor

of Schleswig-Holstein, served before he died a soldier's death at Pretoria. An interesting story is told by Lord Roberts with reference to the valour of the "K.R.R.C." in the Mutiny. Their facings have been scarlet ever since 1814, and the Gurkhas were so much impressed by their gallantry that they asked to have the same facings, and this request was granted. Lord Roberts's son, Lieutenant Frederick Roberts, who was killed at Colenso, belonged to the "K.R.R.C.," as did also Sir Redvers Buller and Lord Grenfell.

"Un Brave Belge." The Belgian people are to be congratulated on their future King, the kindly and seriously minded Prince Albert of Flanders, and his winsome Princess, who, together with their baby sons, are very popular in Brussels. It may be said without fear of contradiction that Prince Albert, who is, of course, King Leopold's nephew, is exceedingly unlike the present King of the Belgians, and this although the two are on very good terms with one another. Prince Albert is thought by many of his relatives to be a reincarnation of the late Prince Consort. Princess Albert is one of the many daughters of the oculist Duke Theodore of Bavaria. She is a model wife and mother, and has become much loved for her good works in her adopted country. Great was the joy throughout Belgium when the birth of her second son took place, as it seemed to ensure the succession, for few Royal houses have been so tried by the abrupt termination of young and promising lives as has that of the country whose integrity is of such moment to Great Britain, France, and Germany.



PRINCESS ALBERT OF FLANDERS (CROWN PRINCESS OF BELGIUM) AND HER INFANT SON, PRINCE CHARLES.

Photograph by Gunther, Brussels.

Lady Westmorland. The erstwhile mistress of Apethorpe, which beautiful place the Earl of Westmorland has recently sold to Mr. Leonard Brassey, is said to unite in her one person the physical graces and intellectual gifts for which her sisters,



THE COUNTESS OF WESTMORLAND, SISTER OF LADY WARWICK AND THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

Photograph by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

the Duchess of Sutherland and the Countess of Warwick, are equally famed. As Lady Sybil St. Clair-Erskine, her girlish loveliness made her the most striking debutante of her year; but she soon married the young Peer who takes his title from the most poetic of British counties, and, as they both prefer the country to the town, Lady Westmorland has been less seen in London Society than have been her brilliant sisters. It was said at the time of Lady Marjorie Greville's wedding to Lord Helmsley that never had there been seen gathered together at any country wedding so fair a bevy as that composed of the young bride's aunts, and of that bevy Lady Westmorland was the undoubted belle. Now that they

have sold Apethorpe Hall, Lord Westmorland and his family will probably be more in Yorkshire, where he owns a fine old place and where they will be able to indulge their love of sport.

The Kaiser's Tour. The success of the German Emperor's tour in the Mediterranean may be pronounced complete (writes our Berlin Correspondent). Throughout the voyage the Emperor was in excellent spirits; he was, one of the gentlemen who accompanied him observed to me, "full of fun, and the life and soul of the party." My friend related to me several instances of His Majesty's light-heartedness. On leaving the liner *König Albert* to go on board the *Hohenzollern*, the Emperor laughingly advised its Captain to exploit the ambitions of Republican and Democratic Americans by charging "fancy prices" for the cabins used by himself and his suite. Early one morning on board his yacht the Emperor was vastly amused by the spectacle of one of his State dignitaries—whose name I discreetly conceal, for it is well known in Europe—engaged in the task of dyeing his beard. The dignitary in question had forgotten to close the hatchway, and a hearty peal of monarchical laughter, followed by words of encouragement, interrupted him in his delicate operations. At Malta the Emperor was delighted with the British bluejackets. I had the privilege of seeing a copy of the telegram in which His Majesty expressed this delight to his Royal uncle. The tone both of the congratulation and of the message of thanks which reached His Majesty in Syracuse was remarkably cordial.

Wonderful Venice. When at Venice the Emperor paid great attention to the Countess Morosini, who used to be considered one of the most beautiful women in all Italy. He invited the Countess and the city authorities to dinner. The conversation turning on the Tower of San Marco and the plans for reconstructing it, the Countess declared herself a decided opponent of these plans. Thereupon the Emperor, turning to Count Grimani, the Mayor, drank to the health of "Venice, the most wonderful of all cities—with or without its Tower." Later on, the Emperor expressed a lively desire to acquire one of the old palaces in Venice, but did not lend practical form to his wish. Six years ago he did offer to purchase the Palazzo Balbi on the Grand Canal, but the bargain could not be completed owing to the Kaiser's demand that its antiquarian treasures should be sold with the palace.

Return to Berlin. The return of the Emperor to Berlin was effected in characteristic fashion. His Majesty rode on horseback from Potsdam to his palace in the Metropolis, being greeted with loud cheers from one end of Berlin to the other. He looked remarkably bronzed and healthy, and the populace was obviously glad to see him in so satisfactory a condition. He intends to spend the next few weeks in visiting various parts of Germany, and will be present, with the most distinguished representatives of German nobility, at Homburg next month, on the occasion of the Gordon-Bennett race.

Ex-Sultan Murad. Few people realise that for nearly thirty years an ex-Sultan of Turkey has been kept a prisoner at Kourbadji, on the Bosphorus. This unfortunate man is the ex-Sultan Murad, the eldest nephew of Abdul Aziz, who came to the throne in 1876, on his uncle's death, but was allowed to reign only three months. He was in weak health at the time, and there was a strong party in Constantinople which was desirous that his brother, the present Sultan Abdul Hamid, should be Caliph. An intrigue was therefore set on foot to declare that Murad was insane, and, although those who knew him best, including an Austrian specialist on diseases of the mind, were of opinion that he was perfectly sane, he was quietly deposed, and Abdul Hamid reigned in his place. The ex-Sultan, who is now sixty-four years of age, has become seriously ill during the last week or two, and his life is despaired of.

More New Stamps. The French Colonies of New Caledonia and the other islands in the Pacific are, since the Anglo-French Agreement, to be known as "Australasie," and, in honour of the event, are to have new stamps. The labels, which are very artistic, have now been finally chosen, and it is decided that the lower values are to have an emu as their symbol, the intermediate stamps a view of the bay and town of Noumea, and the most expensive stamps a crocodile. Lastly, the Inland Revenue stamps are to be adorned with the figure of a Kanaka leaning on a trident. The postal authorities in Paris evidently intend to introduce local colour.

"Hamlet" and Elsinore. Shaksperian commentators have often wondered why the poet placed the scene of "Hamlet" at Elsinore, in the Island of Zealand, whereas the

Danish Prince lived and died in Jutland. But just recently the Municipal authorities at Elsinore, or Helsingör, have discovered in their archives that an English Company was acting in their town in 1587 or 1588, and among the names of the actors are several of those who were acting with Shakspeare in London in 1589. Obviously, these actors must have talked about their adventures in Denmark, and so Shakspeare became well acquainted with Elsinore, and, when he wrote "Hamlet," naturally placed the scene in a place which he knew by description rather than in an island of which he knew nothing. The poet was no great stickler for accuracy in geographical matters, and this visit of the English actors plausibly explains the reason why the tragedy of "Hamlet" was placed in Zealand and not in Jutland.

A Charming Austrian Lady.

Perhaps the most notable characteristic of the great English world is its cosmopolitan character. Almost all of our great families have made in their history numerous foreign marriage alliances, and this is also, of course, in a greater or less degree, the case with all the most agreeable society in foreign capitals. Among the most charming foreign ladies who add brightness and vivacity to English Society must



THE COUNTESS CAMILLA HOYOS, AN AUSTRIAN LADY WHO IS VERY POPULAR IN ENGLISH SOCIETY.

Photograph by Martin Jacolette, South Kensington.

be counted the Countess Camilla Hoyos. Her diplomatic connections—Count Edgar Hoyos has long been the popular Attaché of the Austro-Hungarian Embassy—naturally introduced her to the delightfully cosmopolitan world in London.

A "Primrose Day"
Peeress.

Lady Hindlip, whose marriage took place on Primrose Day, was granted the favour of being married in Westminster Abbey owing to the fact that the Thynne family have an almost hereditary connection with the famous fane. As Miss Agatha Thynne, the latest addition to British Peeresses took a high place among twentieth-century girl beauties, and she will find life in Africa a great change, though she shares her bridegroom's love of sport and outdoor life. Lady Hindlip is one of the younger friends of Princess Christian, who has long been intimate with her mother, and Her Royal Highness was present at the marriage ceremony.

Pity the Poor
"Prince"!

You have all heard of the too-celebrated Prince de Vitanval (writes our Paris Correspondent). Grand Master of the Order he himself had founded, the "Prince" made quite a comfortable income by the sale of knighthoods for a slight consideration, and—this was what Paris enjoyed the most—secured invitations to Ministerial receptions, gatherings at the Elysée, and social distinctions of all kinds. His star was not long in the ascendant, though, and one day rude policemen broke into his princely bedroom, awoke His Highness, who was slumbering beneath a coverlet of light-blue silk, and took him to the police-station, which calm retreat he left for prison after a sentence of three years from a Court of the Third Republic. The "Prince" appealed from this most barbarous sentence to a higher Court a few days ago, but, though we have it on authority that there are Judges in Berlin, there proved, unfortunately for him, to be Judges, and unkind Judges too, in Paris also, and the Appeal Court sentenced "Prince" Léon Laforge de Vitanval to five years' prison instead of the three. He left the Court a sadder and a wiser man, and, fortunately for himself, there is no further Court to which he can again appeal.

I may have more to tell you next week of "La Troisième Lune," the latest Chinese piece which Madame Fred Grésac has written for the Paris Vaudeville, for the first-night has been postponed, and we are still quite in the dark about the play. We are a good deal in the dark about the author, too, for Madame Grésac—"Madame Fred," as she is called in the small world of journalists and men of letters who know anything about her—is also something of a mystery. Nobody quite knows who or what she is, or where she comes from. She owns a superb house in the Rue Chaligny, near the Bois, but very rarely lives there, for Madame Grésac travels much and is so often upon the wing that many people think "la Dame Masquée," as she is called, must be a member of that mystical association known as the Secret Service. Whether she be politically employed or not, the author of "Chérubin" and of "La Troisième Lune" is charming and elusive personally. Small, delicately made, with tiny feet and hands, Madame Grésac is pale, hazel-eyed, and quite unobtrusive in appearance. She speaks incisively and well when she does speak, which is not often, and writes her plays, as she has said in excellent English in my hearing, "just for fun." Whatever reason she may write them for, the plays are excellent. To English playgoers the fact that "Madame Fred" is the author of

"La Passerelle," which became "The Marriage of Kitty" on your side of the Channel, is quite enough to show that she is no dramatic amateur. And yet she has not written more than the three plays which I have mentioned.

Norah Drewett.

Miss Norah Drewett, who before leaving for London gave a Pianoforte Recital at the Salle Erard in Paris a few days ago, is a young player of great charm and more than ordinary merit. Her technique is especially remarkable, and none the less so from the fact that she ascribes its merits to hard work with the typewriter in the days when she used to help her late father, the well-known Travel Editor of the *Queen*, with his immense budget of correspondence. Miss Drewett is a product of the Paris Conservatoire, and very early in her career Massenet, who heard her, predicted for the young pianist a more than brilliant future. Her concert given in Paris was an immense success, her rendering of a Chopin Impromptu and a Brahms Rhapsodie being especially well received.

Every Pope has three seals. The first is engraved on a ring, and represents St. Peter in a boat, with the name of the Pope on a label. This is the Fisherman's Ring, and was used for the first time in 1455. The second is a double seal which is used to stamp the lead on the Papal Bulls. The oldest specimen in the Vatican is that of Pope Honorius, and bears the date 621. This seal has on one side the figures of St. Peter and St. Paul, and on the other the name of the Pope for the time being. The third is a seal which bears the private Arms of the Pope, and is used only for his private correspondence.

The Grenadier Guards will heartily welcome the honour conferred upon them by the appointment of the Duke of Connaught to be their Colonel, in succession to the Duke of Cambridge. This is one of the few regiments which has never changed the colour of its uniform from its formation, having ever since 1660 worn scarlet with blue facings. It is particularly appropriate that the regiment should be commanded by our Irish Prince, for it has an old connection with Ireland, and it counts among its

Company badges not only the Harp of Erin, but also the Irish shamrock and the Royal Crest of Ireland. The Grenadier Guards were so called first in 1815, in recognition of their having defeated the French Imperial Guards at Waterloo.

Lord Methuen and
the Scots Guards.

Lord Methuen's appointment to be Colonel of the Scots Guards, in succession to the Duke of Connaught, who has been transferred to the Grenadier Guards, has been warmly received. There is no keener soldier living, and his family motto, "Virtue is the mark of envy," was curiously verified in the South African War, when some severe but ill-considered attacks were made upon him by critics at home. He was the only General who was taken prisoner in the War, in which he was twice wounded and twice mentioned in despatches. He is married to the daughter of a Somerset country gentleman, and has three sons and two daughters. His seat in Wiltshire, Corsham Court, is a truly magnificent place which contains a notable collection of pictures, "Capability" Brown built State-rooms for these Old Masters.



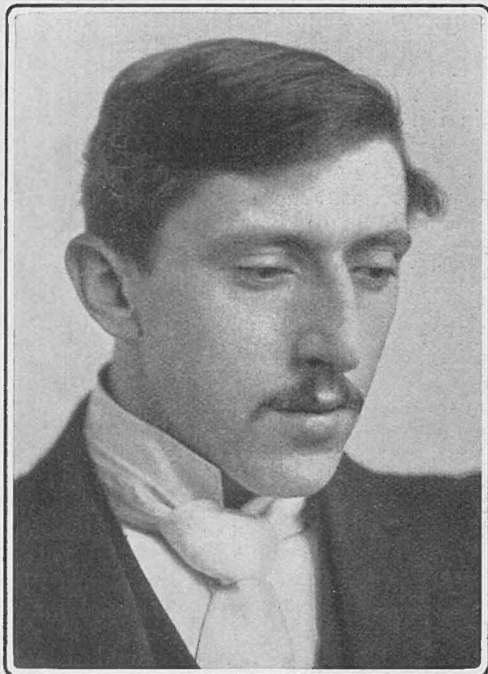
LADY HINDLIP, WHOSE MARRIAGE WAS CELEBRATED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY ON
"PRIMROSE DAY."

Photograph by the Rembrandt Portrait Studio.

The Sculptor of the Statuette.

Mr. Richard Garbe is a young London sculptor who suddenly awoke to find himself famous. All London has been laughing at the story of how this young man unwittingly assisted in the perpetration of an extraordinary imposition. He was Assistant Professor of Modelling in the London

County Council School of Arts and Crafts in Regent Street. One day, an art-dealer, who is now dead, came to him and ordered a statuette of Nelson, observing, with what it is now clear was sardonic humour, that it was wanted for some "old ladies" who had a strong admiration for our greatest naval hero. Only the other day, Mr. Garbe found that his work had been palmed off on the authorities of the United Service Institution as a contemporary work presented by the King to Nelson himself.



MR. RICHARD GARBE, THE SCULPTOR OF THE NELSON STATUETTE.

Photograph by Beresford.

Mr. Garbe is a Londoner by birth and has worked very hard at his profession. He has been assistant in the studios of some well-known sculptors, notably that of Mr. Roscoe Mullins, while, on his own account, he has executed several important commissions, one of his best pieces of work being an admirable statue of John Bunyan.

A Popular Member. Mr. Thomas Burt, who was selected by the Opposition leaders to move the rejection of the Licensing Bill, is himself a Front Bench man. Having been Secretary to the Board of Trade in the last Liberal Administration, he has retained the privilege of a front seat, but he does not use it in order to thrust himself upon the House. He is one of the few men who are less fond of hearing their own voice than other members are of hearing it. Although an eloquent, effective speaker, he sits silent for month after month. Mr. Burt's popularity springs from character. He is one of the most modest and amiable of men, tenacious of principle, and devoted to the cause of Labour, but gentle in manner and free from rancour in word. He has been thirty years in the House without making an enemy.

A Temperance Leader.

For many years the Temperance leaders on the Liberal side in the House of Commons were Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Mr. Caine. The latter is now dead, and Sir Wilfrid, although still able to joke and write doggerel, is in his seventy-fifth year. Mr. Whittaker, a Yorkshire Radical, is taking a lead among the extreme Temperance men. There is no humour in his speech, but plenty of doggedness. He deals in facts and figures, and flings them at his opponents with great vigour. For sixteen years Mr. Whittaker was in the hardware and iron trade; subsequently he was an editor of newspapers for ten years, and now he is managing director of a Life Assurance institution. Statistics are his specialty. He makes them prove his case.

Doorkeeper at the House.

The resignation of Mr. Wilson, the chief doorkeeper at the House of Commons, is naturally an event of much domestic interest in the Palace of Westminster. One of his predecessors, Mr. White (the father of "Mark Rutherford"), wrote some interesting recollections of "The Inner Life of the House." Mr. Wilson also could tell many interesting stories. He has been a servant of the House for nearly forty years, and before he went down to the door he had charge of the Ladies' Gallery. Tall, thin, and dignified, with an urbane manner, he might be taken any day for a Duke. He is always impressive when he

comes to the bar and announces "Black Rod!" As he sits in his sentinel-chair at the door, he chats with many members, and honours a few journalists also with his discreet conversation. The well-wishes of all will follow him into his retirement.

Parliamentary Language.

It has been supposed that Parliamentary language, although leaving much to be desired in literary style, was the standard of moral propriety. A dreadful revelation, however, has been made in the debate on the estimate for the House itself. Fault being found with the telephone arrangements, a member declared that he had heard venerable statesmen in the telephone-box using language which was rarely equalled during the Parliamentary Golf Handicap. Golfers know the sort of language that is used in a bunker. They can therefore imagine what is said in the Parliamentary telephone-box. Perhaps "venerable statesmen" go there to relieve the feelings for which they obtain no outlet in the presence of the Speaker.

A Pathetic Group.

Many old playgoers will be interested in noting on page 124 how the veteran critic, Mr. Clement Scott, looks sitting in his charming library and with his devoted wife by his side. Journalism is a hard task-master, and, doubtless, had the famous critic remained faithful to the War Office, where he obtained a clerkship some forty-four years ago, he would now be in better health. There was a time when Mr. Clement Scott might well have exclaimed, in paraphrase of the famous saying, "Let me write their criticisms, I care not who writes their plays." During those years of strenuous work, when he was dramatic critic of the *Daily Telegraph*, it may be said without fear of contradiction that no human being wielded the power that he did of making or marring both a new play and an untried player. At the present moment it is interesting to recall the

fact that he always strongly advocated the foundation of some such Dramatic School as that which has just been started by Mr. Beerbohm Tree and other influential actors and actresses, and he always advised the many young people who came to him with a view to going on the stage to join a genuine Stock Company. He was, however, opposed to the French State-aided Conservatoire system, for he thought such an institution should be free of any State interference or control.

A Popular Headmaster.

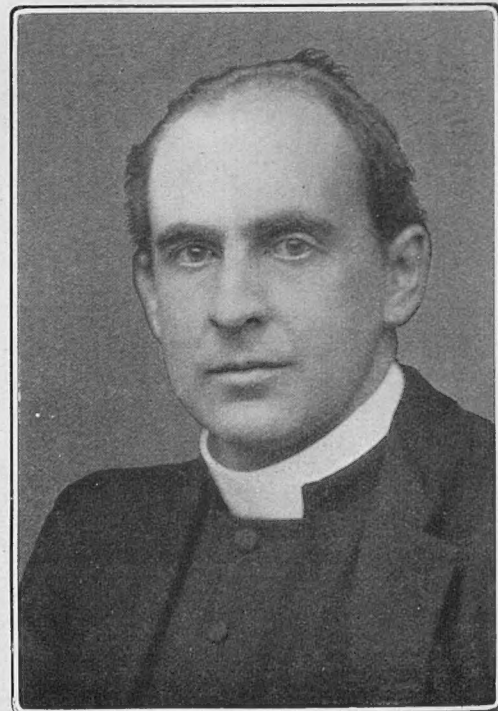
Among last month's Benedicts few are more popular in their own wide circle than the good-looking and energetic Headmaster of Repton, who was for so long one of the most popular of Eton masters, and who is known among his intimates as "Lionel Ford," though he has no fewer than four Christian names and is regarded by many shrewd people interested in such matters as a future Bishop. Through his marriage, early last month, to the elder daughter of the Bishop of Rochester, Mr. Ford



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MR. GEORGE R. SIMS.

Taken by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

becomes the nephew of the Colonial Secretary, of Lord Cobham, and of his brother schoolmaster, Mr. Edward Lyttelton. The wedding was one of the few graced this Season by the Prime Minister, who, with philosophical disregard of popular superstition, presented the bride with an opal necklace. The Headmaster of Repton is, of course, a member of a family whose name is likely to live as long in the annals of our national game as that of Lyttelton itself. Mr. Ford and his brothers are mighty cricketers.



THE REV. LIONEL FORD, HEADMASTER OF REPTON.

Photograph by Beresford.

“SATURDAY TO MONDAY,” AT THE ST. JAMES’S THEATRE.



Oliver (Mr. Alexander). Angela (Miss Forbes-Robertson).

ACT I.—“We’re engaged, aren’t we?”



Oliver. Mrs. Wendover (Miss Lilian Braithwaite).

ACT II.—“Did I include you in the bet? . . . I shouldn’t like to hurt your feelings by leaving you out.”



Stanley Pidding (Mr. E. Vivian-Reynolds). Ursula Toop (Miss Francis Wetherall). Oliver. Mrs. Wendover. Miss Skeat (Miss A. Beet).

ACT II.—“I picture her as a water-nymph, don’t you?”

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE BIOGRAPH STUDIO, REGENT STREET, W.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

MORNING papers have given too much space, methinks, to the young genius of seventeen whose work has been hung at the Academy. A tribute of praise or a few words of congratulation are quite appropriate, but to publish interviews with him and demand his views of life seems unnecessary. The seventeen-year-old view of life and religion may be quaint, but it can hardly be sound; or, if I may put the matter in another way, it is sound rather than sense. I don't suppose many painters in their teens do exhibit at Burlington House, but I have seen work exhibited there that would be justified if its creator were not old enough to know better. Moreover, the Hanging Committee is not reliable. I have been assured by several painters whose work has been rejected by that august body that the Committee does not know fine painting when it sees it.

My morning paper gives me more news of Profit Dowie. I gather that he was ill-treated by certain Australians; one threw an ill-smelling chemical mixture at him, another threw a stone, a third an apple. But the Profit refused to proceed against these evil-doers. "It may be he has a wife or a mother," said he, when Policeman X wished to impound one of his assailants. This is a fine sentiment. Moreover, the sage went on to remark that two hundred Australians were setting out for Zion City and four hundred more were preparing to go.

After all, a stone, an apple, and some bisulphide of carbon may well be endured as the penalty for securing two hundred souls, to say nothing of the bodies and banking accounts. But when Dowie comes to London to gather more recruits for Zion and more sinews of war to maintain his own generous upkeep, do not let us throw stones or make ribald remarks. Remember, the Profit may have had a mother.

I read news from Canada that suggests a widespread epidemic of Sabbatarianism. This complaint always attacks young and prosperous communities, just as measles attacks young children. In most cases both children and communities survive. Some of the Canadian Elders seem very anxious to abolish every kind of open-air amusement

on Sundays; perhaps they have forgotten or never knew that the Sabbath was made for man and that man was not made for the Sabbath. Having succeeded, or being about to succeed, in their attack upon reasonable recreation, certain of the "unco guid" are going a little farther.

I note that the Toronto authorities are discussing the advisability of forbidding Sunday funerals. They are of opinion that the Sabbath is profaned by the burial of the dead. I hope they will see this measure through, and will persist, despite the clamour of the ignorant, in pushing their zeal a little farther along the road to perfection. This they can do by prohibiting births and deaths on Sunday. Great distress is caused by people dying on Sunday, and even Sunday births must interfere with Sabbath observance.

I read with horror a story from Sofia. In the Military College of that pleasant city a student was found dressed as a cook. He was in the kitchen, endeavouring to empty the contents of a bottle into a dish. The Continental paper responsible for this terrible tale omits to say why the task proved beyond the student's strength. He was arrested, and declared that he was acting under the orders of the Anarchists, who had told him to disguise himself as a cook, arm himself with his little bottle, invade the Military College kitchen, and poison the five hundred and fifty pupils.

The story thrills me to the marrow of my bones, and I only seek to know the size of the dish that held the food for five hundred and fifty boys. I can imagine but one thing larger than that dish—the bump of credulity possessed by the happy readers of the Continental papers. If the tale has any significance at all, it is probably as an official excuse for rough-and-ready procedure against people whom the Sofia authorities wish to put away.

Ex America semper aliquid novi. This time the news is to the effect that the Management of Drury Lane has engaged Mr. Tod Sloan to ride in their autumn melodrama. At least one other of the jockey's family is known to amusement-seekers. I have watched some very clever high-trapeze work by a lady who is Mr. Sloan's sister, if my informant was of the truthful. The Drury Lane idea adds largely to the uses of jockeys. If the Jockey Club, in obedience to its old-fashioned prejudices in favour of a style of riding that America seems to manage without, will not allow a jockey to earn his living in his own fashion, he can go upon the stage. After all, there is ample precedent. When ladies with whom the word "Society" was once associated have met with defeat in the Law Court Tournaments presided over by Sir Francis Jeune, they go upon the stage. I don't propose to develop the analogy.

I am afraid that the journalist is doomed. The specialist is taking his place. In the world of sport this change is particularly noticeable. If a paper wants cricket reports, it does not engage a cricket reporter, it engages an amateur—that is to say, a well-known player who does not play for money and does not write for love. Sometimes, too, he cannot write for toffee; but that is another matter. We have but to develop this scheme a little further, and then we shall see Mornington Cannon and his brethren of the pigskin engaged to write racing reports, Caruso and Renaud writing musical criticism for the papers, while Melba and Calvé supplement it with comments on costume, for the ladies. Irving, Alexander, and Tree will become dramatic critics at fabulous prices; Sir Francis Jeune will be approached by some syndicate to write a column, "Law Courts Day by Day," at a figure that will make the judicial five thousand a-year a mere bagatelle. Even "K. of K." could earn more as war-expert for a daily paper than mere organising will ever bring. The Kaiser may make a fresh mark as commentator upon foreign politics, while, if any of these specialists are at a loss to deal with anything within their province, they can always go to the Temple and consult—the Oracle.

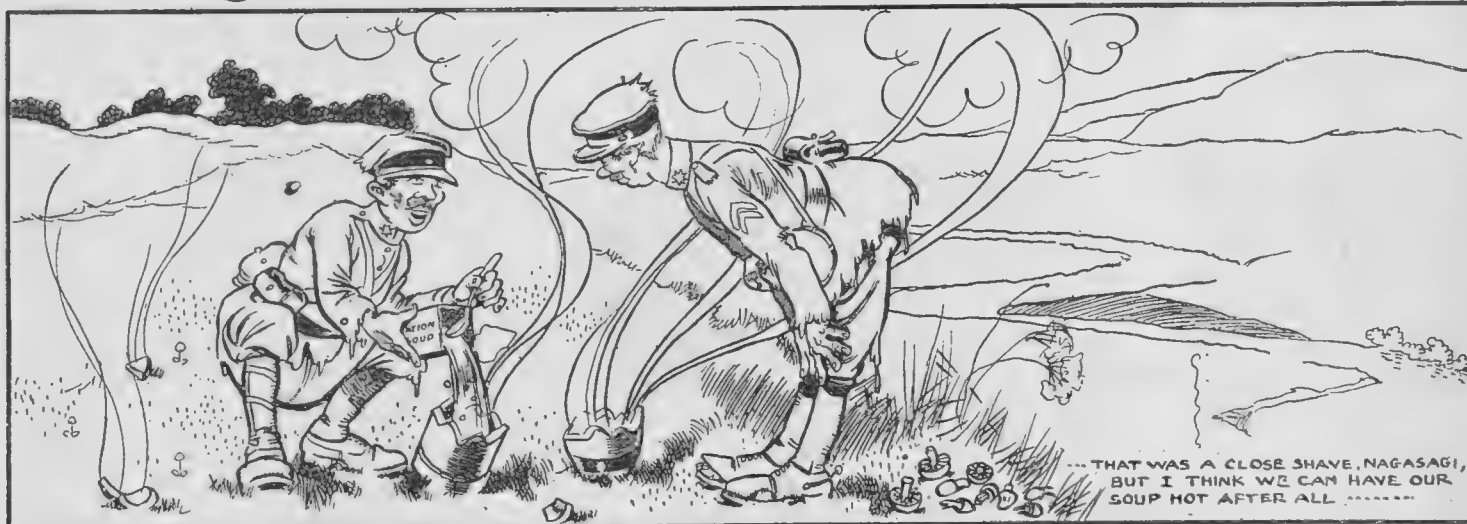
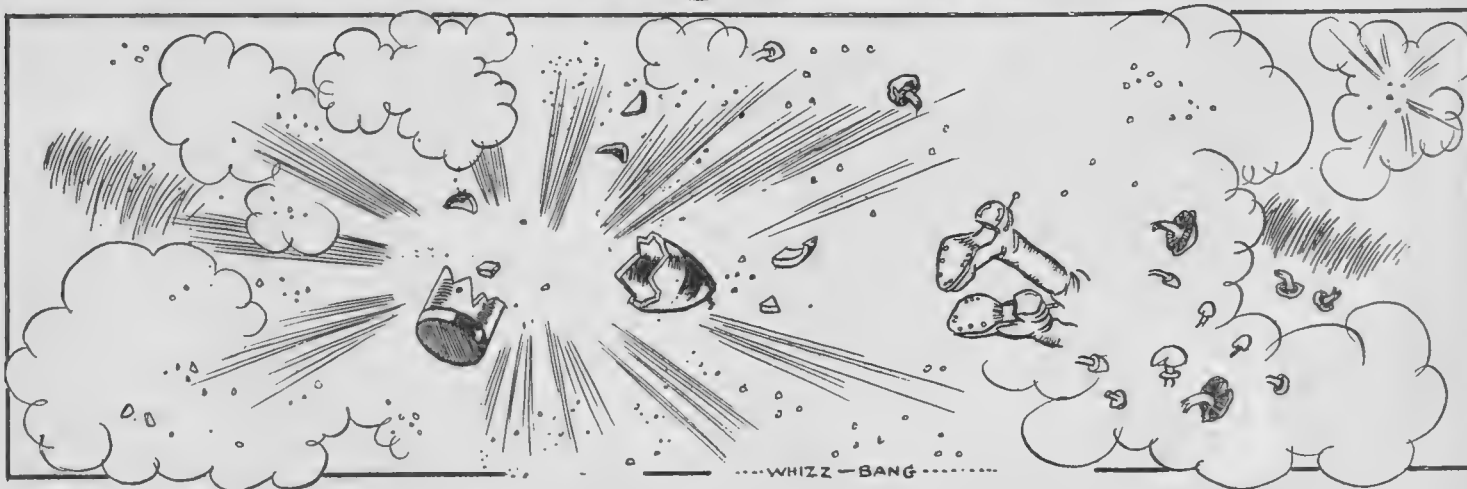


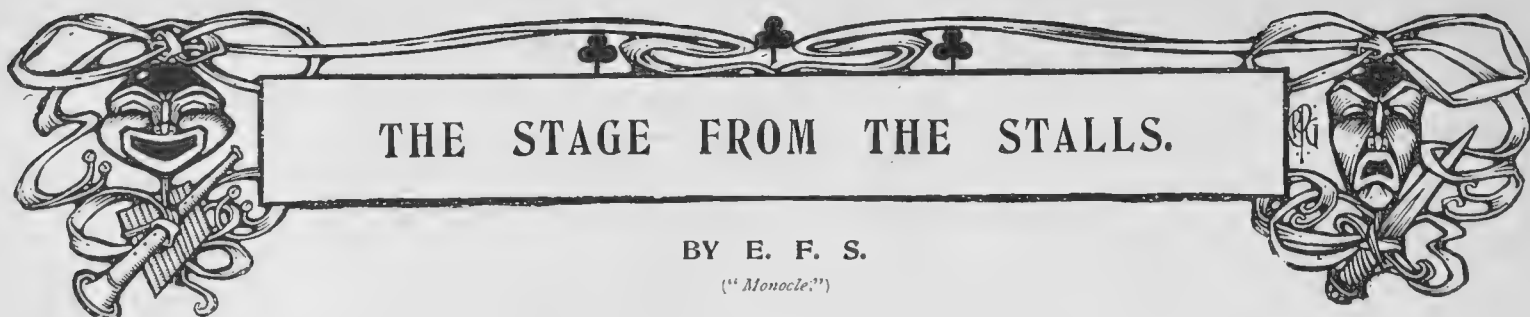
[DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.]

PESTS IN THE PARKS.

"Wot! Are you 'omeless, too?"

AN EPISODE ON THE YALU.





THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

THE NEW GILBERT PLAY AND "THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM."

NEVER, perhaps, was an audience more anxious to be pleased, since the majority (critics included) owe and recognise a deep debt to the author for many happy hours of hearty laughter, and even a first-night audience is capable of gratitude. At the beginning, "The Fairy's Dilemma" went splendidly, and it was only



MR. AND MRS. CLEMENT SCOTT.

(SEE PAGE 120.)

Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

after the first fall of the curtain, to roars of applause, that pessimists wondered whether the pace could be maintained. Gradually a feeling of languor became manifest, the laughs, still loud and frequent, slightly changed their tone, and at the end it was manifest that some felt that they had had too much of a decidedly good thing

and that a capital joke had been worn almost bare. With the inimitable music of Sullivan and the brilliant lyrics of Gilbert a prodigious success would have been certain, but ere the end we missed them. The conception of the piece was clearly that of a Savoy libretto (original style), and the execution showed much of the old brilliance; still, one can hardly believe that the best of the series could have stood alone unaided by the songs, dances, and music. A dance we had, a ballet of fairies similar to the fairy ballets of twenty years ago; perhaps it possessed some occult humour; possibly it was a burlesque: it merely appeared somewhat inadequate, and, but for the wonderful exertions of a tiny child-ballerina, it might have fallen flat. She—Miss Iris Hawkins—I fancy, saved the situation.

On paper the whole piece must seem very funny: it would read like one of the Savoy books—almost the only readable libretti ever published. In the theatre the greater part was vastly amusing. The solemn compact of the Good Fairy and the Demon of Pantomime—he tired of monotonous (and unsuccessful) villainy, and she in peril of suppression for failure to protect true lovers because the race of them is almost extinct—was quaint enough in scheme and treatment for any purpose, even if the idea of burlesquing Christmas pantomime seems to suggest the murder of the dead. Funnier was the thought of making the out-of-date supernaturals mere stupid bunglers, who failed to get their facts correct and hampered those whom they sought to aid, which culminated in the Demon carrying off the wrong girl to the lair of the Baronet, who, in defiance of tradition, was neither bold nor bad. In gratitude for these, one could have forgotten the clumsiness of the explanations necessary to expose the position of the criss-cross lovers, and the ineffective character of the humour of the altruistic agreement made by the Curate and the Colonel. There may have been no great originality in the High Court Judge who flatters himself upon being the wag of the Bench and delights in his reputation as the darling of the reporters, but in Mr. Sydney Valentine's hands it worked out very amusingly, whilst laughter was inevitable at the two pairs of lovers, each man pretending to be engaged to the *fiancée* of the other, which caused one of them—the Curate, whose part was admirably acted by Mr. O. B. Clarence—much pain at the excessive ardour with which his beloved was embraced by her sham sweetheart. Indeed, looking back and recollecting how much amused me intensely, I wonder that I feel so little enthusiasm. It is humiliating to think that the old hand, like the simplest amateur playgoer, is too much at the mercy of the last

impression, which, in this case, certainly is not quite favourable. For the humour of seeing the Curate and Colonel, the Judge and Lady Angela doing tomfoolery as Harlequin, Clown, Pantaloon, and Columbine is not irresistible. It may have possessed some esoteric aspect, but, superficially, appeared no more amusing than an ordinary real Harlequinade, than the kind of thing we pretend to be amused by, to show how young we are, though we suspect that not one believes in the amusement or the youth—and no one does.

Still, let us be grateful for the fresh shoot of Gilbertian ideas, and rejoice in quip and crank, in joke and jest, such as only he could have imagined; what if the wine is not quite of the right year, since it belongs to the true *cru*? The Gilbert hall-mark is obvious throughout, though some of the metal is of less than eighteen carat. We may have missed music, craved for lyrics, and dances, perhaps, were what the Amurricans call a "felt want"—an invigorating phrase. Nevertheless, with all such aid the ordinary successful work of nowadays has a far poorer title to popularity than the Garrick play that drew an illustrious audience and hearty applause from it. That the work is not rich in acting parts is certain, but here the typical Gilbert appears, for the minimum is left to the individuality of the players.

"I liked the fifth Act the best," said one lady in the stalls when the disturbance was over, and certainly the epilogue was the most entertaining feature of the production of "The Bride and Bridegroom." Unfortunately, this kind of scene cannot be repeated nightly, and, indeed, seems to involve the economic errors marked by the father of "Bo-bo," the discoverer—according to Lamb—of roast sucking-pig, and even Sir Charles Wyndham's little essay on the gentle art of "booing" seemed somewhat injudicious. I throw out—gratis—the suggestion that managers should print Lamb's essay, "On the Custom of Hissing at the Theatres," on the programmes: it would furnish better reading than the advertisements and might cause the custom of curtain—should one say, Caudle?—lectures to fall into disuse. One thing, at least, may be said in comfort to Sir Charles: the ladies in the house did not suffer the annoyance from which he chivalrously tried to save them—they thoroughly enjoyed the row.

The piece? I had almost forgotten about it. Such interest or emotion as it caused was so tranquil that it made no great impression. Still, it is possible to enumerate many good qualities in Mr. Law's work, and the wonder is "The Bride and Bridegroom" is not more interesting. Compared with many a play that has won a triumph, it is a masterpiece of wit and observation. Unfortunately, it pushes merits over the edge of the precipice. There is at present a revolt against strong plots, but a piece as invertebrate as a jelly-fish stands on too high a plane. We should have been gently led towards it with some such line on the programme as "a play without a passion," "a comedy without a curtain," or "plotless piece," and then we should not have kept following false clues to situations that do not exist. Many people do not like violent emotions after dinner—some doctors say that they check digestion—but all long for some kind of progress to a fairly defined goal. A play should resemble a river hurrying towards a cataract, with—if it be a comedy—smooth water reached after peril of shipwreck; but the story of the little tiffs between Sir Owen and his pretty bride were more like a lake, a lake with an occasional breeze to make the laughter rise. Moreover, it was a very, very long lake; indeed, when thinking of it, the parrot's phrase on seeing the ocean—"What a d—d lot of water!"—came into my mind.

The scene in which Lady Allison exposed her method of controlling husbands was exceedingly funny, till the third or fourth repetition; the misunderstandings about Lord Beecroft's sow were rather funny, till at length one began to feel that the drama was going to the pigs. Sir Charles was diverting as the *nth*-rate poet, the irresponsible butterfly, for quite a long time, but was forced to become monotonous. Mr. Alfred Bishop had the best chance, and took it successfully. Miss Mary Moore, no doubt, was entertaining, and Miss Sybil Carlisle was absolutely charming as the pretty bride who seems a warning to sober men against matrimony. One remembers clever scenes and dull moments, amusing business, witty phrases, neat touches of artificial character, but remembers it all with an effort, and probably all the audience, on its way home, discussed the row at the end rather than the piece. Amiable, mildly stimulating, occasionally very funny, but far too long, and acted, on the whole, in too genteel a fashion: that must be the verdict of many.

"IN MY COSY CORNER SHADY."



MR. HENRY A. LYTTON IN "THE EARL AND THE GIRL," AT THE ADELPHI.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

THE "PRINCE OF PILSEN" BEAUTY COMPETITION,

HELD RECENTLY IN NEW YORK.

AS it is the ambition of every American actress, whether a chorus-girl or a "star," to tread a London stage and win the approval of a London audience, there was unusual excitement at Daly's Theatre, New York, a week or two ago, when a hundred pretty girls were gathered together in order that one of their number should be selected to be sent to London as the beauty most typical of the American Metropolis. The Committee appointed to pass judgment was selected from prominent members of New York's celebrated "Four Hundred," and included the millionaire, John Jacob Astor, and the "Society butterfly," Harry Lehr, who recently achieved celebrity by giving a remarkable dinner in Newport, Long Island, at which the principal guest was a monkey dressed in evening-clothes. At the last moment, however, Messrs. Astor and Lehr shied at the battalions of newspaper-men who had intimated a desire to be present during the contest, and, while Colonel Astor left New York on "urgent business," Mr. Lehr sent word that he was "indisposed." In spite of these deserters, however, the Committee was a representative one and noted for its discrimination in the matter of feminine beauty.

Of the hundred girls who had volunteered to contest for the prize, eighty were quickly disposed of, not, of course, from any lack of good looks on the part of the fair competitors, but on account of their particular kind of charms not being quite of the New York brand.

It cannot be denied that the competitors were at a disadvantage from the start, for they appeared on the stage in their ordinary walking-costume and without any "make-up," so that the glare of the footlights was somewhat trying. But, even with these drawbacks, most of the contestants were wonderfully pretty. It may be mentioned that in "The Prince of Pilsen" there is a song entitled

"The American Girl," which introduces different beauties representing various cities in the States. It was in order that London should realise that the New York girl eclipses her sisters in beauty and grace that the competition was held. The New York girl is tall, fair, and what novelette-writers delight in describing as "willowy." She walks with a peculiar bend from the hips, the upper part of her body remaining perfectly stiff, while the lower limbs move with a gliding motion. Her general expression is a look of uninterested wonderment, and, if possible, she prefers not to smile.

Each competitor in the contest had to walk across the stage in the manner of the typical New York girl, curtsy twice, and retire. Most of the girls had never practised this, so the performance was not always a thing of grace. When the whole twenty had passed before the judges, all but six were dismissed, as not being quite typical of the city

to be represented. Four of the six, however, retired from the contest, with the result that the contestants were reduced to Miss Camille Clifford and another. Miss Clifford was the winner, and when the judges gave their decision in her favour there was no question regarding her right to receive the prize. All the girls who had competed took their defeat good-humouredly and cast no angry frowns at the intrepid judges. Indeed, they had all declared that "Cammie" would win, and, as she is a general favourite, they bore her no malice. When Miss Clifford appears at the Shaftesbury Theatre, Londoners will be able to see for themselves how the New

York girl appears as she glides along Fifth Avenue in the weekly Church Parade.

A FAIR FRENCH PRINCESS.

The young Duchesse de Guise, whose portrait appears on the first page of our Supplement, is better known in English Society by her old name of Princess Isabelle of Orleans. She spent most of her childhood and early girlhood in England, where her pretty, winsome ways and love of outdoor life and sport made her very popular with her parents' many British friends. The position of the Orleans family is indeed a strange one. Closely related, and, indeed, connected by marriage with several of the reigning families of Europe—the young Duchess's elder sister is Queen of Portugal, and her second sister may live to see herself Queen of Italy—they yet belong to that melancholy world composed of Kings in exile, and Princess Isabelle of Orleans elected to remain in that circle by marrying her cousin. The Duc and Duchesse de Guise, whose marriage took place in the little church at Twickenham where the Comte and Comtesse de Paris were married some thirty-five years before, now live a very quiet, happy life in the Castle Nouvion, not

far from Paris. The Duchess forms one of a brilliant family group, and she is specially devoted to her husband's eldest sister, Princess Waldemar of Denmark. It is said in France that her own youngest sister, Princess Louise of Orleans, is destined to become Queen of Spain, although she is a good deal older than the little King.

Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, in his essay on "Hamlet" in the May number of *Harper's*, describes and classifies "two great tribes" of imaginative writers: First, "the tribe of Nature's children," whose imaginations work them—Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Chaucer, Shakspeare, Cervantes, Rabelais, Marlowe, Webster, Walter Scott. Second, those who work their imaginations, the large tribe whose leaders are Ben Jonson and Balzac.



MISS CAMILLE CLIFFORD, THE WINNER.

THE "PRINCE OF PILSEN" BEAUTY COMPETITION:

SOME OF THE CANDIDATES.



MISS HARRIETT BURT.



MISS LILA CONQUEST.



MISS CARRIE ECKSTRON.



MISS EVA MARSH.

A JAPANESE FIELD-ARTILLERYMAN.



DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

A RUSSIAN HORSE-ARTILLERYMAN.



DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

LOVE AND A "RICKSHAW."



MISS SYBIL ARUNDALE AND MR. HAYDEN COFFIN IN "THE CINGALEE," AT DALY'S.

Photographs by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

VIEWS OF SARK, THE GEM OF THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.



VIEW FROM CREUX DERRIBLE.



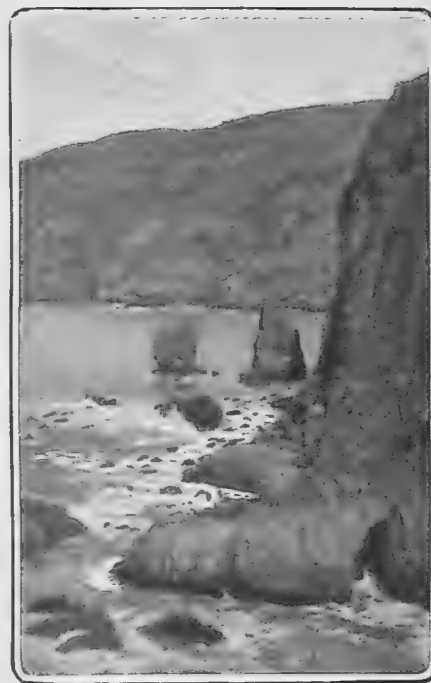
TARDIF'S COTTAGE.



VIEW FROM LITTLE SARK, SHOWING
DIXCART BAY IN THE DISTANCE.



OLD WELL NEAR THE SEIGNEURIE.



LES AUTELETS.



FUCHSIA COTTAGE.



ENTRANCE TO THE SEIGNEURIE.

Photographs by Crofts.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

UNDER the title "The Nestor of Living English Poets," Mr. Churton Collins contributes to the *Contemporary Review* an article on the venerable Gerald Massey. Mr. Collins is warmly appreciative, and quotes several passages very familiar to older readers of poetry. But I am particularly glad that he refers to "Cousin Winnie," one of the most musical and tender lyrics in the English language. Mr. Churton Collins has, I believe, made Mr. Massey's personal acquaintance, and it is interesting to note that he confirms the story that Mr. Massey sat for George Eliot's picture of Felix Holt. He does not mention Mr. Massey's work as a critic, especially in the *Athenæum*, nor does he attempt any biography of a quiet but eventful life. It is much to be desired that even yet Mr. Massey should take his pen and write for us, if not an autobiography, at least a picture of the stirring days of the early 'fifties, when all movements and enthusiasms were at their highest—when the spasmodic school flourished, when Charles Kingsley and the Christian Socialists were fighting for the poor. The day soon came when Thackerayism in literature and Palmerstonianism in politics dulled or quenched the

fires. But the time of their ardour must have been a time well worth living in, and now Mr. Massey and Mr. J. M. Ludlow are practically the only prominent survivors.

The Rev. G. R. Gleig, who died some sixteen years ago, at the age of ninety-two, was one of the busiest if not one of the most distinguished literary figures in the early part of last century and onward for a good many years. The only book of his that shows a real literary ability is his military romance, "The Subaltern," originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine*. But he wrote countless works besides, and they all had a certain vogue. As Chaplain-General of the Forces, and even before he received that appointment, he mingled on intimate terms with the most prominent Tories, and had access to their chief organs, the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood*. It is, therefore, matter of satisfaction that his daughter has deciphered his Reminiscences, and that they have been published (Blackwood). Gleig's hero was the Duke of Wellington, with whom he was on terms of close intimacy. Unfortunately, there came a break in the friendship. The Duke could not tolerate difference of opinion, and when Gleig suggested a better system of education for the Army he viewed the proposal as rank mutiny. They were estranged, but Gleig never ceased to venerate his hero, and he has left a pleasing and graphic picture of Wellington as he presented himself to his friends. The narrative confirms rather than enriches the general impression.

Wellington was not unemotional. He was unhappy in his domestic relations, and this probably had the effect of hardening his temper, but he had warm friendships, especially with women. He concentrated himself upon his profession, never frittering his time or spreading his interests. In agricultural matters he was a child, asking on one occasion how turnips were propagated—by seed or by cuttings, like potatoes. But he knew his own business, and was justly respected and trusted. He never made any attempt to win popularity. He was indifferent to the gay side of life. In politics he was an unswerving Tory. He was perfectly satisfied with things as they were, and applauded the weakest points of our electoral system, including rotten boroughs and unenfranchised towns. In his view, the English Army was the best in the world not because Englishmen are braver or more enduring than other races, but because the officers of the English Army are gentlemen. "It was to the influence of an aristocracy patriotic, moderate, and just that England owed her moral superiority over other nations."

Mr. Gleig puts in a good word for Croker. He wants all the praise or extenuation he can possibly receive. In Gleig's view, Croker played a straightforward game in politics and never once sacrificed principles to profit. "His faults were those of temperament and manner. His good qualities were not overbalanced by them. His abilities were of a high order, and, if he failed to achieve the highest honours in any one walk of life, it was because he frittered away his powers in too many." But the obloquy that lies on Croker's name is not due merely to his vanity or his extreme bitterness in writing, but to certain other charges which have never been quite cleared up. When I mention his connection with the Marquis of Hertford I have said enough. Gleig describes Peel as stiff, cold, and forbidding in manner, never forgetting that, though he led the magnates of England, he was not one of them.

There is a good portrait of Talleyrand: "A flat head covered with a mass of perfectly white hair, which, combed down over the forehead, gave to it the appearance of being preternaturally low, contradicted the received theories which make a lofty brow, an oval crown, the outward and visible signs of genius. His eyes, small, black, and sunken in their sockets, were surmounted with bushy eyebrows, perfectly black and straight. A nose short and *retroussé*, a complexion ashy pale rather than sallow, and a chin strongly marked, made up a countenance which, when in repose, was well-nigh repulsive." O. O.



"MR. RUDYARD KIPLING TAKES 'A BLOOMIN' DAY AHT, ON THE BLASTED 'EATH, ALONG WITH BRITANNIA, 'IS GURL."

Reproduced by permission from "The Poets' Corner," by Max Beerbohm. (Heinemann.)

SOME NOVELISTS—AND THE INCORRIGIBLE "MAX."

"THE POETS' CORNER."

By MAX BEERBOHM.
(*Heinemann's*, 5s.)

To announce that Max (need we add Beerbohm?) has achieved Poets' Corner is in no sense an obituary notice. It is the other way about, for the caricaturist is nothing if not lively. On the present occasion he has made a corner in poets, and has thereby presumably enhanced their value, at least until the inevitable slump. Yet, on inspecting the poets whom the artist has

put in the corner, it is impossible to escape the conviction that he holds them all exceeding cheap, the unravelling of which paradox we depute to Max himself. In the portfolio which Mr. Heinemann has just issued, Mr. Beerbohm has made game of the great singers of all time, in pictures arranged without chronological sequence and regardless of precedence, for those whom Max's pencil deforms are all equally great. Where he forswears diseased Beardsleyan parody, he does well, as in the design showing Messrs. Austin Dobson and Edmund Gosse at the Board of Trade, surprised by their President, Mr. J. Chamberlain, in the



MR. MAX BEERBOHM.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

act of composing a ballade during office hours. Max's view of the Baconian theory is also instructive and should gratify Mrs. Gallup. His portrait of W. B. Yeats introducing Mr. George Moore to the Queen of the Fairies is a delicate tribute of affection from one great artist to two others. The example we reproduce on page 132 needs no comment. "He has it," as the victorious gladiator cried when he cut down his man. Tennyson reading "In Memoriam" to Queen Victoria is a priceless document for students of future ages who desire to learn the inwardness of the early Victorian interior. In another design Mr. John Lane intercedes with Abdul Hamid for the life of William Watson. This surely is the finest tribute poet ever had to his worth? We await Mr. Beerbohm's "Prose Writers' Cupboard," in which the top shelf (in grateful consideration of past favours) must be assigned to the author of "The Napoleon of Notting Hill."

"THE ORANGERY."

By MABEL DEARMER.
(*Smith, Elder*, 6s.)

It is made of somewhat flimsy fabric, this diary of a fortnight recording the smiles and tears of a wilful heroine, and, if Mrs. Dearmer had not given it the setting of 1796, it is possible it would not have held its own so satisfactorily, but it is thoroughly imbued with the charm of that period. Deborah is as unmanageable a girl of eighteen as even the present century can boast, and not her wise cousin Prudence, her violent-tempered father, or her hysterical mother can save her from the chastening results of her wayward actions. As she is lamenting over the boredom of her life, her cousin suggests she should keep a diary for a fortnight, and, while protesting that all the entries will consist of "Received dutifully good advice from Prudence," she agrees. Needless to say, the diary once commenced, events begin to happen with breathless rapidity—the appearance of a lover, the inevitable misunderstandings, a duel, a journey to town with the Lady Betty—a delightful character, whose entourage of animals includes a most inopportunistically profane parrot, "Paquita"—a visit to Ranelagh, and (shocking result of an ignorance of the world) an unchaperoned visit to the rooms of Sir Miles Courtenay in Jermyn Street—these are only a few of the stirring episodes which caused Deborah much unhappiness. In fact, the whole idea of this "comedy of tears" is, we fancy, the amusement to be gained from watching

such as Deborah, who, in their extreme youthfulness, can never see a day ahead, and believe, when Cupid hides his face for a brief moment, that never were such love tragedies as theirs. Deborah made her own troubles through sheer wrong-headed pride, but the author clearly shows she took rather an interest in their development, as youth invariably does—perhaps, in real life, as in fiction, it has a shrewd idea it "will live happy ever after."

"THE CONFESSIONS OF A JOURNALIST."

By CHRIS HEALY.
(*Chatto and Windus*, 6s.)

The general rule that autobiography is best published many years after its writer's death no longer holds good. Scenes and incidents, however momentous, pass into the *Ewigkeit* far more rapidly, disappear far more effectually, in these days of hurry and bustle than they did in more placid periods; it is almost a truism that the nine days' wonder has yielded place to the wonder of nine hours, as, apparently, the wonder of nine hours will, later, become a matter of nine minutes. Mr. Chris Healy's memoirs, therefore, essentially modern though they are, are decidedly entertaining. In the last fourteen years or so, Mr. Healy has contrived to see a good deal of life—Bohemian and otherwise—in both England and France; and he has cultivated, as every journalist must cultivate, the art of so placing his impressions upon paper that not only his fellow-craftsmen, but the public at large, will find amusement in his "confessions." The lengthy head-lines of his chapters give promise of interesting material that is in most cases amply fulfilled. The first part of the book conveys the idea that the author is not gifted with the art of genial garrulity so essential to a work of the class, that he prefers to lecture rather than talk, and, in a less aggressive degree, the same idea persists in presenting itself. It is not long, however, before the matter—as distinct from the workmanship—asserts itself, and hardly a page is turned without something being gained. In dealing with the eternal and fascinating "Affaire Dreyfus," he has much that is fresh to say, and something that is startling, as witness the following: "When the trial at the Palais de Justice began, attempt after attempt was made on his (Zola's) life, the usual method being to upset a barrow, or some light vehicle, in front of his carriage as it descended the steep hill leading from the Rue de Bruxelles to the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. That he had a narrow escape of being murdered in the open court at the conclusion of his trial is not generally known. When the jury entered to deliver their verdict, a dozen officers drew their swords and waved them above their heads, and the Garde Républicaine flourished their bayonets. The jury had but to say 'Non coupable,' and it would have been the signal for the Pretorians to plunge their blades in Zola's breast in a fury of patriotic frenzy," and the statement "A Cabinet Minister had betrayed French military secrets to Germany, and he was a Christian, not a Jew." The personalities who come under review are many and widely different—Gladstone, Paul Verlaine, William Morris, Anatole France, Zola, Dreyfus, Oscar Wilde, Whistler, Arthur Lynch, Maud Gonne, and the Kaiser are a few—and of all Mr. Healy has something worth recording. Altogether, the production of his unegotistical autobiography is fully justified.

"THE YEOMAN."

By C. KENNETT BURROW.
(*John Lane*, 6s.)

Dorsetshire is ubiquitous in the novels. It is now almost as difficult to find new fiction that does not smack of the dialect of the West Country as it was some time ago to evade the speech of the Kail-yaird. Mr. Charles Kennett Burrow is full of reverence for "the soil" and for nature, and he tells a very human story of the two branches of the Winstone family. While Richard stayed on the ancestral land, or what remained of it, David went abroad, made money, and returned to buy a large estate and become a great man in his native shire. Of David's friendship Richard wished to have as little as possible, but the Yeoman's daughter, Dorcas, and David's sons provide dramatic possibilities. The family knot is also complicated by the existence of Eustace Hamer, a curious dreamer whose love for Dorcas comes to an untimely end and paves the way for the ultimate reconciliation of the two branches of the Winstones. The writing is graceful rather than strong, and the dialogue somewhat monotonous. It tends occasionally towards the spuriously enthusiastic, the too emphatically friendly, and the characters have an irritating trick of echoing the last speaker's remark, with a prefatory "of course." But there is some admirable description of nature and passion. At such times the style is fluent and unforced, the touch just and even deft. A subsidiary scene, indeed, that in which Dr. Stanton proposes to Dorcas and is rejected, imparts a really fine dignity to a situation that is always perilous to handle.

THE HUMOURIST IN THE PARK.



PET — PETTER — PEST.

(N.B.—The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the opinions of his Artists.)

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

THE HUMOURIST AT THE RACES.



A RUN FOR THEIR MONEY.

DRAWN BY G. D. ARMOUR.

"A HAND AT BRIDGE."

HELD BY G. L. STAMPA



A NOVEL

IN

A NUTSHELL.

BERTIE AND THE
PRECIPICE.

By JOHN WORNE.



BERTIE and Eva sat at the breakfast-table, and the sun shone in from across the sea on to the breakfast-table at which Bertie and Eva sat. They sat not at opposite ends of the breakfast-table, as might have been expected, but side by side at the same end. For a whole week now they had held each other's hands and looked into each other's eyes.

"What shall we do to-day, darling?" said Bertie.

"Dearest," said Eva, "let us walk along to the cliffs and back before lunch."

"Sweet," said Bertie, "we have walked along to the cliffs and back before lunch every day since we were married, and it has never occupied more than half the day."

"It is a heavenly walk, love."

"Adored one, there is no walk like it."

That is just the way they talked continually, except when the servants were in the room. When there were servants in the room, it was like this—

"Will you be walking along to the cliffs and back before lunch, Ma'am?"

"You had better ask Mr. Pilkingsham what he proposes for to-day"

"Very good, Ma'am."

And Samson would go round to the other end of the table (they sat at opposite ends of the table when there were servants in the room).

"Will you be walking to the cliffs and back before lunch, sir?"

Bertie would reply, sternly, "Are you not aware that you are always to take your instructions in all matters from Mrs. Pilkingsham?"

And Samson would give it up and leave the room. He thought he saw in Bertie a change for the worse.

After breakfast they sat together in the sunshine, thinking of walking along to the cliffs and back before lunch.

"Darling, I hope you will forgive me if I mention a matter of which I have been intending to speak for some days."

"To speak for some days! Will it take so long—?"

"Intending for some days to speak. We must not be captious about words. The matter is this. The day before we married, you promised that after marriage you would give up smoking."

She pouted. "I never promised anything of the kind, and you know I didn't mean it seriously."

"But I consider it," said Bertie, "very important indeed." He lit a second pipe and spoke reflectively through the clouds. "Smoking," he said, "is a beastly habit and should be the exclusive privilege of the finer creature, man. Smoking—"

"Pass the matches, dear," said Eva.

He was on the point of passing them when it seemed to occur to him that the time was ripe for action. He drew his hand back.

"Please pass the matches," she said, quietly.

He hesitated for a moment and then was firm. "No," he said.

"I object on principle. I exercise my marital authority."

She took from her belt a silver match-box and lit another cigarette.

"Very well," he said; "you defy your husband?"

She made no attempt to deny it.

"It is an awful thing to do, and may compel me to take steps."

"What steps?"

"Drastic steps."

"To the cliffs and back?"

He was silent and scornful. She continued to puff, in an amateurish and spasmodic way, at her cigarette. It was not clear that she enjoyed it very much.

"Thought of any steps yet?" she asked.

"The question is," said Bertie, "who is master here?"

"That's a good subject for discussion," said Eva.

"I do not propose to discuss it," Bertie replied. "I simply say, I will not have smoking."

"You just say that," asked Eva, "flatly and without any intention of standing any nonsense?"

"Exactly."

She struck another match and relit her cigarette.

"I see," she murmured. "And shall you have notices printed and stuck up all over the house?"

"Madam," said Bertie, rising and looking fiercely down upon her, "I am not one to be trifled with!"

"This is much funnier than walking to the cliffs and back before lunch," said Eva.

"Is it?" said Bertie—a particularly feeble reply, though indignant. "Very well."

And he walked off.

"Where are you going?" asked Eva.

"Never mind," said Bertie: "something has to be done."

And Eva sat unconcerned, waiting for the steps to be taken. But she threw away the nasty cigarette as soon as he was out of sight. It was their first serious quarrel since marriage.

It turned upon a question which clearly would have to be settled sooner or later. The sooner the better. Though it were only to assert her authority, she was prepared to learn to like smoking. She sat reflecting for half-an-hour, and then went in for her hat. She thought a little stroll to the cliffs and back before lunch would be no bad thing. Besides, it would be a new experience to do it alone.

It was a lonely piece of coast, and the gulls squealed aloft and the wind blew. No human being was in sight. She was alone with the elements, thinking the thoughts which they in their grandeur inspire, such as, "He is a pig!" or "I won't give in this time!"

She walked rapidly along, with fluttering skirt, flushed cheek, and determination in her stride; and she wondered at times where he might be and what he might be doing.

As she clambered up to the high ground where the path lay along the edge of the cliff, she heard a faint "Halloo" floating from afar.

"He is pursuing me," she said. "I knew he would."

She raised her chin a little higher and went steadily forward. The sound was repeated: it seemed to call upon her to stop. "He will overtake me and apologise," she said, and refused to look back. On she went for a mile or so, hearing nothing more till she came to the spot where the view was. It was a grand view, but it had the disadvantage of all views, that when you had looked at it there was nothing more to be done with it. She looked for some time, and found it not quite so heavenly as usual. Views depend so much on the state of mind of the viewer. She turned half round and examined the country over which she had come. Still no human being. Bertie must have given up the chase. She glanced at the view again, and realised that there are times when it takes two to make the best of a view. So, being hungry, she retraced her steps towards lunch.

She had walked for about fifteen minutes when she was startled to hear the same sound as before, "Halloo-oo-oo!"

This time it was more insistent and considerably nearer.

She stopped and looked all round. A sail on the horizon was the only evidence of the presence of man. She stood listening and the voice came again, "Halloo-o-o-o! Is anybody there?"

It was Bertie, and he seemed to be somewhere on the face of the cliff. This was alarming. She crept out as near as she dared to the edge and remembered local legends of landslips and sudden endings.

"Bertie, is that you?"

"Hallo! Who's there?"

"I am, dear. Is there anything wrong? Are you hurt?"

"No," he shouted; "I'm all right."

"Then why are you making such funny noises?"

"Because I don't want to stay here all night."

"Where are you?"

She dropped on to her knees and looked over. She could catch sight of a small piece of him some way down.

"Here—on a ledge. I've stuck."

"Can't you get further down?"

"No; it's a sheer drop of several miles."

"Have you tried coming up?"

"It's no good. I got here easily enough, but there's no way back."

"Why did you go there?"

"To see if I could."

"And could you?"

"Yes. You'll find some people in the village with a rope. You go for them; I'll wait here."

"Are you hungry, dear?"

"Most infernally!"

"Are you sure you are quite safe for the present?" she asked.

"Yes; don't be afraid. I've got room enough not to fall over."

"You are sure?"

"Quite," he replied, cheerfully.

"Then may I smoke?"

There was a short pause.

"I didn't quite hear what you said!" Bertie shouted.

"I said, may I smoke?"

"I don't understand!" he bawled.

"It is quite simple: May I smoke?"

"Are you referring to what we were talking about this morning?"

"Yes."

"Then I must certainly make a point of insisting upon my authority. It is obvious that there can be no enduring happiness in a house where the husband——"

"But you are not in a house," said Eva; "you are stuck up on a ledge half-way down a precipice."

"That," said Bertie, "is only a temporary inversion of the usual order. I should be a traitor to my duty as a husband to allow——"

"I am glad you are not very hungry."

Bertie went on grimly: "You will kindly bring some fishermen from the village with a basket on the end of a rope. I command this, as your husband. You will remember your undertaking to obey."

Eva only replied, "May I smoke?"

"You know that it is of no use to stand there asking questions, my dear; it is a matter which cannot be decided on the face of the precipice. If you will kindly go for the rope——"

"You are sure you are comfortable there?"

Bertie infused much firmness into his voice. "Thank you, I can manage very nicely for a short time; and, in the meanwhile, I should like you to throw down a few matches. I—er——" (He hesitated, as if doubtful whether to make the confession of weakness.) "I have a few cigars, but have nothing to light them with."

"Try rubbing the end of one hard against the rock," said Eva.

Bertie made no reply.

"I am going to lunch now," she said. "I will come back and talk to you in a couple of hours."

He was obviously sulking, so she left him to reflect upon his marital authority, and stifled the voice of her conscience by saying that it served him right for trying to have such an unnatural thing.

But, though hungry, she had a heart. So she took rather a shorter time over her lunch than was usual when they were together. After lunch, she sat with a cigarette for half-an-hour. That she forgot to light it does not matter. Then she rang for Samson. "Oh, by the way, Samson," she said, in a casual way, "Mr. Pilkington will want two or three men, some rope, and a basket."

"Yes, Ma'am," said Samson. "About how much rope?"

"Oh, I don't know. I suppose about a thousand yards or so."

Her ideas of distance were womanly, but Samson never turned a hair.

"Yes, Ma'am. Shall I leave them in his dressing-room?"

"No; he wants them this afternoon on the cliffs. They must be strong men."

"Bird's-nesting, Ma'am?"

"In a sort of way, yes. Can you get them at once?"

"We will do our best, Ma'am."

"Very well. I am going out now in—er—the usual direction, you know, and I want you to follow me in twenty minutes. You will see me at the edge of the cliff. Stand a little way off till I call you."

"Yes, Ma'am; and if there isn't a thousand yards——?"

"Oh, bring anything you can get, and some sandwiches."

"Very good, Ma'am," and he departed. She allowed a little time for her orders to be carried out, and then proceeded once more towards the cliff. She had heard that obstinate criminals were often found in a gentler frame of mind after a little starvation. So, with a light heart, she prepared for the next stage of the encounter, forgetting that, even if all went well, the hauling of a man up a cliff at the end of a rope might be attended with difficulties.

Arriving at the spot, she went down on her knees and looked anxiously over. She could see his foot protruding, as before.

"Bertie," she called.

"Hallo!"

"May I smoke?"

Bertie's voice did not seem in any degree weakened. The reply came up firm and strong: "You are aware, my dear, that smoking is not a habit which I should permit in any woman under my control."

Eva was disappointed at the attitude taken up.

"I have forgotten to bring you any matches!" she called out, triumphantly.

"I am sorry; that was careless of you," he said, lighting another cigar. A whiff of smoke found its way up to her nose as it protruded over the abyss, and caused more disappointment still.

"There was quite a nice lunch to-day," said she.

"Was there? Good!"

"And I may not be able to get any rope for a long time." This was said savagely.

"Never mind. Try eating other things."

"They may have to send to town for rope."

"Ah!"

"May I smoke?"

"Your remarks," said Bertie, "are so disconnected. They make my head spin, at this elevation."

Eva was tempted to give in. Samson and three fishermen appeared in the distance. But she remembered in time. A man may bluff about lunch and tea; his tone would alter as the dinner-hour approached. So, like Cæsar, she encamped upon the high ground above the enemy, being about to reduce him by starvation. She signalled to Samson not to come too near. She had a last word for Bertie.

"There is some rope here, after all. May I smoke?"

"My dear," he answered, "I am anxious, under the circumstances, to be reasonable. Have you anybody there to work the rope?"

"Samson and three men," she replied, gleefully.

"Were his hair not cut so short, Samson alone should be enough."

Eva waited for the words of surrender, but there came only a silence which she was the first to break.

"Well?"

"Well what?"

"I am going for a walk now."

"It is an admirable day for a walk."

"You have nothing more to say?"

"No, except that I hope it will be a nice walk."

She turned away impatiently, and yet could not but admire the fellow's dauntless spirit. She went to the men, who were standing at a respectful distance.

"I don't want you yet. Take these men home, give them something to drink, and come back with them in about an hour."

"Very good, Ma'am," said Samson, and he did so.

For an hour she wandered along the cliffs, full of resolution tempered by pity, suffering from pangs of vicarious hunger. Now was the time when the unhappy prisoner was in the habit of calling for his cup of tea, and the afternoon was growing chilly and the wind began to beat upon the face of the precipice. Perhaps even now he was crying piteously, "Darling, you shall do absolutely as you please in everything always. I was wrong, and I admit it. You are always right." The thought of it was too much for her. She hurried back.

"Bertie!" she called. There came no answer, so she called again. Only the wild sea-mews shrieked and the waves boomed upon the rocks below. She shivered a little, and called once more, "Bertie! Bertie! May I sm——?" The request sounded too frivolous and her tongue refused to utter it. Had he fainted with exhaustion? She strained over, but could see nothing. "Bertie, I'll never talk about smoking again! Are you there?" She waited, but he made no reply. She stood upright and stared round wildly, looking for help. Samson was at her side with the three men.

"I—I—think Mr. Pilkington has—quick, down there—the rope——!" she gasped.

"Where, Marm?" asked a fisherman.

"Down on a ledge—he must have fainted. Quick, the rope!"

"Don't want no rope for that. Can get down there on my 'ead."

"That's just what we don't want, my man," said Samson. "Better take the end of this."

"Tie it round your waist," said Eva, trembling with excitement.

But the brave fellow waved aside all these precautions.

"I tell you there bain't no danger. Down 'ere be a fav'rite Sunday walk fur lovers."

And he disappeared over the edge. Eva insisted upon sending some fifty yards of rope after him. It dangled aimlessly in the air, as if it had forgotten what it came for.

"Is he there?" Samson bellowed.

"Naw, zur; there bain't nobody 'ere 'cept a empty beer-bottle."

Eva looked blankly at Samson, who shouted the words she dared not utter—

"Has he fallen over?"

"More likely 'e walked over, zur."

"But—but——," gasped Eva.

"May I lend a hand with the rope?" asked Bertie, sauntering up from the direction of the house. Eva turned and seized him. "You haven't fallen down!" she exclaimed, wrathfully.

"Down where?"

"There."

"Why should I? When you went for lunch, I discovered a way down that I hadn't noticed; so I got down and lunched at the inn, and came back to talk to you afterwards."

And Eva walked home in a hurry and left him to follow.

He found her drinking tea. She declined to look up as he came in. He watched her for some time in silence.

"Sorry I didn't fall over and smash myself up on the rocks," he said, "as you wanted."

"You—you—— I didn't want it!" she replied, with something like a sob.

"By Jove, you don't say so!" He seized her hand.

"I—I—didn't mind your getting a little hungry," she admitted, with some hesitation; "but—I *did* bring a rope—and you might have told me you had had lunch."

"I admit it; I was wrong not to mention it. I grovel. You may do what you like: you may smoke——"

She jumped up with delight. "I may!" She kissed him three times. "Then I'll never do it again! I think it is a piggy habit! Till after I promised you that I would give up smoking I had never touched tobacco in my life."

THE END.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



"MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE does not act." That is a familiar phrase often heard among those who witness the performances of the young "star" in America. If it is repeated in London, both Mr. Charles Frohman and Miss Barrymore will be greatly pleased, for manager and actress alike regard it as the greatest compliment she could receive. What the public, apparently, means is that Miss Barrymore does not seem to act, which is quite a different thing. Her appearance in London will be almost like a homecoming after a long absence, for at the Lyceum, under Sir Henry Irving, in "Peter the Great," and subsequently in other plays in his repertoire, she made a very favourable impression on the theatre-goer, as she had previously done when she acted in "Secret Service" with Mr. Gillette, and her method remains as natural and untheatrical as it was then.

Not only for her own sake, but for the sake of her father and her mother, Maurice Barrymore and Georgie Drew Barrymore, a warm welcome is in store for her, for Barrymore was one of the handsomest and manliest leading actors in London, and Georgie Drew Barrymore one of the most delightful comédiennes on the stage, which had good cause to mourn her premature death from consumption some few years ago.

However irksome legislation may be, the safety of the public in places of amusement is so paramount that the wise manager does not mind to how much trouble he goes in order to make assurance doubly sure and safeguard the public not only from danger, but from the possibility of panic. A striking example of this is furnished by Mr. H. E. Moss at the Hippodrome. He has just had instituted an apparatus by which, by merely pulling a lever at the stage-door, the fireproof curtain is lowered and the sprinklers, which can practically deluge the house with water, are automatically brought into action. This apparatus, it should be mentioned, is distinct from that ordinarily worked by the prompter.

Wireless telegraphy has now made its appearance on the stage, for it plays a leading part in Mr. Richard Harding Davis's comedy, "The Dictator," in which Mr. William Collier is, it is said, to act later in the year in London. His photographs represent him as bearing a striking likeness to Mr. Arthur Roberts, and, if he has anything like the humour of our famous comedian, he will be welcome, in spite of the fears which have been expressed on "the other side" that his humour is too subtle for our English understanding. "The Dictator" is additionally interesting by reason of the fact that Miss Ethel Barrymore's brother, Mr. John Barrymore, has an important part as the wireless telegraphist, and has made a great success in it. "The Dictator" tells the story of Mr. Brooke Travers, a New Yorker, a man of nerve who is naturally given to bluffing, and whose "bluff" works out all right.

Once more the Royalty is to open its doors to the playgoing public, for, as everyone knows, Mr. George Rollit's farcical comedy, "The Money Makers," is to be produced there to-morrow night. In the interests of everyone concerned, it is to be hoped that the play will not belie its title, but will resolutely live up to all the possibilities of so alluring a name—a decidedly magnetic one in our modern time, when money-making is the idol we all worship. Incidentally, the play restores what may be called the dominance of the letter "M" in the theatre, for, curious as it may appear, it will probably be found that there are more plays produced whose title begins with that letter than with any other, though, oddly enough, with the exception of "Saturday to Monday," the "M" has recently been

conspicuous by its absence in the titles of the pieces which hold the boards at the West-End.

In Mr. R. C. Prowse the Stage Society will introduce a new author to the stage when, next Monday and Tuesday afternoons, they give his four-Act play, "Ina," at the Court Theatre, with a cast in which Mr. Norman McKinnel, whose strong personality is so much in request for these occasional productions, will, with Mr. Dawson Milward, Miss Margaret Halstan, and Miss Granville, be at the head of the Company. Mr. Prowse is an Oxford man, and has published three novels, "The Poison of Asps," "A Fatal Reservation" (the second was really written before the other, which it succeeded), and "Voysey," probably his best work. The locale of "Ina" is Derby-

shire, with the exception of the first Act, the scene of which is laid in Italy, and Miss Margaret Halstan, who plays the title-part, is understood to have in it a very excellent opportunity for exhibiting her admirable talent.

The Public School to which apparently the stage owes most in so far as the number of actors of acknowledged eminence is concerned is the Charterhouse, in aid of whose Mission Mr. Cyril Maude, one of the most distinguished of its Old Boys, in conjunction with Mr. Frederick Harrison, is lending the Haymarket Theatre and giving his services for a matinée performance on June 20. The Old Carthusians number among them Mr. Forbes-Robertson, Mr. Fred Kerr, Mr. Aubrey Smith, and Mr. Charles Allen. Other Public Schools run the Charterhouse close—for example, Marlborough, to which Mr. H. B. Irving and Mr. Laurence Irving owe allegiance, as do Mr. Charles Fulton and his brother, Mr. George R. Foss. Nor is University College School far behind, for among its actor Old Boys are Mr. Hayden Coffin and Mr. Akerman May—the latter Mr. Coffin's colleague at Daly's Theatre for several years, and now a member of the cast of "Veronique" at the Apollo—and Mr. Norman Forbes, as well as Mr. Eric Hudson, a well-known provincial actor-dramatist.

"It is all Greek to me" is likely to be the expression of the majority of the audiences at the Court Theatre when under the ægis of Mr. Richard Mansell and Mrs. Napoleon Lambelet "The Electra" of Sophocles is produced by a Company of Greek actors from Athens, under the leadership

of Kyria Ekaterini Smilto, a name which has the distinct peculiarity that, once learnt, it is likely to remain in the memory. Tragedy in the winter, in the ordinary way, is an intellectual enjoyment, but in the summer—for the performances do not begin until the last day of the month—the result is apt to be somewhat disappointing unless the real Greek conditions could obtain. In the open-air, in a great semicircular theatre, with the actors wearing the cothurnus and the tragic mask, a success of curiosity could certainly be anticipated, especially if Society became interested, and Society has been interested in imitation Greek plays—witness the production of Dr. John Todhunter's "Helena of Troas," in which Mr. Beerbohm Tree played Paris and Mr. Hermann Vezin took the part of Priam.

For those who prefer their Greek play in English, there will be, three or four days earlier, a production of the "Hippolytus" of Euripides, the translation used being that of Professor Gilbert Murray. Miss Florence Farr, once identified with the management of the Avenue Theatre, where she produced plays by Mr. George Bernard Shaw and Dr. Todhunter, has the direction of the chorus, while Mr. Granville Barker, who is so rapidly coming to the front, is to produce the play.



MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE,
THE POPULAR AMERICAN ACTRESS WHO WILL APPEAR IN "CYNTHIA" AT
WYNDHAM'S THEATRE NEXT SATURDAY (MAY 14).
Photograph by Sarony, New York.

KEY-NOTES

WITH the opening of the Opera Season at Covent Garden, everything in the musical world in London went into full swing. The first night, on Monday week, was given over to Mozart's "Don Giovanni," and the Syndicate showed very wise foresight in selecting this masterpiece for their initial performance, inasmuch as it is an opera full of beautiful melody and a score which is worthy of all the admiration which it has called forth from the great masters of the world. Here was indeed a remarkably fine performance. To begin with, the mounting was quite excellent; Mr. Harry Brooke has painted some remarkably fine scenery—"A Rural Prospect," "A Street," and many interiors were all very beautiful indeed. We have all heard M. Renaud's Don, and on this occasion he played the rôle in every way as a refined gentleman, and he sang with great passion. Miss Alice Nielsen, who made her first appearance at Covent Garden on this occasion, sang the part of Zerlina very charmingly indeed, displaying all the vivacity and charm that the rôle calls forth. Madame Suzanne Adams was the Donna Elvira, and sang quite beautifully. Fräulein Destinn, in the rôle of Donna Anna, made on this occasion her first appearance in England, and proved herself to be a singer of great dramatic power gifted with a very beautiful voice. M. Salignac sang well in the part of Don Ottavio, and M. Gilibert as Mazetto and M. Journet as Leporello both sang with much distinction. Mr. Radford gave an excellent rendering of the very thankless part of the Commendatore. Dr. Hans Richter was the conductor, and gave a very fine general orchestral interpretation of the opera.

On Tuesday we had a performance of "Tristan und Isolde" at the Opera, that most characteristic of all Wagner's music-dramas, and a very fine orchestral rendering was given by Dr. Richter; at times, perhaps, it might have been a little more passionate, a little more human, but the various parts were really quite magnificently played by the orchestra. Herr Burrian made his first appearance as Tristan; he has a fine voice, and in the last Act he sang quite remarkably; still, he could not efface the memory of M. Van Dyck in the same rôle. Frau Reinl, as Isolde, sang and acted very beautifully—perhaps she was at her best in the love-duet; and Madame Kirkby Lunni, in the

part of Brangäne, was excellent. Herr Knüpfer was very dignified in the part of King Marke, and Herr Schütz was good as Kurvenal; to Herr Simon must be given a word of especial praise for his impersonation of the part of Melot.

A very remarkable child-violinist was introduced to London at the St. James's Hall by Mr. Schulz-Curtius on Tuesday (3rd), by name Franz von Vecsey. In listening to this youth, one cannot but consider him as a very fine and genuine artist, and, at the same time, one forgets to regard him in any sense as a prodigy, for he appeals to his audience on the very highest artistic grounds. In an Air by Bach he was especially remarkable, for this music requires all the skill that an artist can command to make one feel how great and glorious it is; but this player never fell short: he succeeded in showing that he was a real and genuine musician. In Wieniawski's Concerto in D Minor he displayed an amazing technique, and never for one moment did he swerve from the pitch. In a "Fantasia" on "Carmen" by Hubay, he was, perhaps, not quite so successful; but in Paganini's "Witch's Dance" he was again quite at his best, and was enthusiastically encored by the very large audience which was present. Mr. Schmidt-Badekow played very admirably Three German Dances for the Pianoforte.



MISS ALICE NIELSEN,
WHO MADE HER FIRST APPEARANCE AT COVENT GARDEN
AS ZERLINA IN "DON GIOVANNI."
Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



FRÄULEIN DESTINN,
WHO PLAYED THE PART OF DONNA ANNA IN "DON GIOVANNI" ON THE OPENING
NIGHT OF THE LONDON OPERA SEASON:
Photograph by the Victoria Studio, Berlin.

The third of the present series of Concerts given by the Philharmonic Society took place the other evening at the Queen's Hall, under the bâton of Dr. Frederic Cowen, and very well indeed did the forces under his command render the works which they were engaged to interpret. In Mozart's Symphony in E-flat they played with great enthusiasm and with great delicacy. Miss Minnie Tracey, who made her first appearance so far as these Concerts were concerned, sang for the first time in England "Réveil de Brunhilde," by Reyer. It is a really charming song, and Miss Tracey gave full significance to all the tender passages, though she was, perhaps, not quite so good in the more passionate moments. M. Jean Gérardy took the solo part in Saint-Saëns' Cello Concerto in A Minor, and very beautifully indeed did he interpret the work. M. Gérardy is a player who treats his instrument with great tenderness, and thus keeps you fully persuaded of the interest of the work which he happens to be playing. A Concertstück in A-flat Major for Pianoforte and Orchestra, by Franco da Venezia, was given its first performance in England by M. Ernesto Consolo, and proved to be a very brilliant work in this interpreter's hands, for M. Consolo plays the piano very beautifully, both his technique and his feeling helping him to score a very great success on this occasion. On the whole, this was a very interesting and engrossing concert.

The Exhibition of Antique Instruments now on view at Messrs. Broadwood's new show-rooms in Conduit Street is intended to show the development of the pianoforte from early times, passing through the successive changes which have taken place, down to the present day, in the evolution of that instrument. The clavichord existed more than five hundred years ago, and the spinet dates probably almost as far back, though the quality of tone in each instrument is altogether different. In England this latter spinet was known commonly—"vulgarly," as our Ben Jonson would have it—as the Virginals until the time of the Restoration. We derive this, our information, to a large extent from a very interesting historical leaflet issued by Messrs. Broadwood.

COMMON CHORD.



The Eliminating Trials—Dust and Mud—Coats and Hoods—Inconsiderate Driving—Fines and Appeals.

BY the time these words see the light, the eleven speed-monsters will have gone far to settle which of them shall go to Germany to represent England in the big race next month. Owing to the general unsuitability of the Manx course for high-speed running, the very vehicle which is found to have covered the six circuits, making three hundred miles, in the shortest time may be the last machine to be selected. Speed over certain chosen sections of the route, the upkeep of the speed-average throughout the entire distance, the speed up the Snaefell climb compared with that on the level, the result of acceleration tests, and the times achieved in the short sprints on the Douglas Front, will all be taken into close consideration by the Judges, who will also have a keen eye upon the condition of the vital parts of the cars after the tests are over. Much reliance is placed upon the acceleration tests, in which the cars, starting from rest, will run a certain distance, the acceleration of their speed being carefully noted by some electrical timing apparatus (if it works). Indeed, these trials will go to prove how soon from rest each machine can really get into its stride.

The Staines Rural Council are early in the field to grapple with the dust and mud difficulties in something like a permanent manner. A few months or more ago, Mr. Hooley, the Surveyor to the County of Nottingham, the roads of which county are admitted by all automobilists and cyclists to be the best in the kingdom, under all sorts and conditions of weather, invented a form of road-metalling which consists of broken iron-slag, hot from the blast-furnace, and plunged into baths of hot gas-tar. The oils and other waterproof preservatives of the tar penetrate all the pores of the slag, and effectually prevent the ingress of water at any time. This material, when properly put down, binds up into a hard, absolutely waterproof road, which can therefore be laid almost flat, keeps dustless with the least possible amount of watering in dry weather, and is expected to wear at least a hundred per cent. better than ordinary granite metalling. Mr. G. W. Manning, the Surveyor to the Staines Rural Council, is laying some one hundred and fifty yards of the Kingston and Staines Road with this Tar-Mac, as it is called, and is most sanguine as to the result. Should the stretch in question, which is subject to very heavy and fast traffic, prove satisfactory, the material will be very largely used in future.

Automobilistes, if a feminine form of the male noun may be allowed me, are always extremely keen upon the way in which they shall be clothed when motoring. The latest garment to find favour is a smooth white rubber coat, with

a green or blue collar and big white coaching-buttons, which certainly looks very smart on the car, if both the front or, better, all the travellers in the vehicle are similarly clad. I cannot think that a garment made of such material can be over and above hygienic, no matter how ventilated; but, as the coats make a good and sporting appearance for both sexes, I expect them to find a considerable vogue. They would, however, be most uncomfortable garments to walk in. For the feminine automobilist to look quite *au point* it is necessary that she don a waterproofed silk hood to match, as too much millinery looks quite out of place with the sporting white rubber coat.

In addressing the public and technical Press, by letter over the signature of the Chairman, the Automobile Club have taken a praiseworthy step in drawing attention to their disapproval of the inconsiderate driving of motor-cars by their members or anyone else. Among the offences which may be included under the head of inconsiderate driving are: (1) Causing unnecessary inconvenience to other vehicles, cyclists, or pedestrians by dust or mud; (2) Overtaking and passing another motor-vehicle when the latter is proceeding cautiously downhill or is approaching a corner, traffic, &c.; (3) Passing another vehicle so as to drive it or others off the road or cause them unnecessary inconvenience. The public are invited to draw the attention of the Club

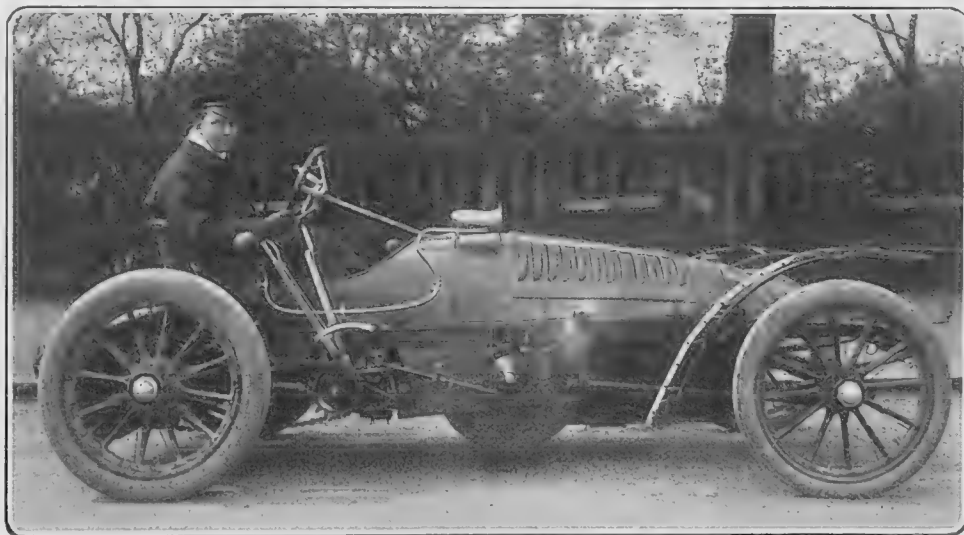
Secretary to flagrant offences by motor-drivers against the laws of etiquette and good-feeling. If the offender be a member of the Club, steps will be taken at once by the Committee to inquire closely into the matter, while, if he be not a member, the complainant will be so informed, in order that he may take such steps as seem good to him. All the above sounds quite nice and proper, but, at the same time, I fear that the Club, if they are not very careful, will make a whip for the backs of their members which may be at times most unjustly applied.

Automobilists driving along the main Salisbury Road, via Andover, should exercise great care when approaching and leaving an insignificant village named Wallop, about eight miles from Andover. A very crude form of police-trap has been arranged there, and, notwithstanding the best and most conclusive rebutting evidence brought in three cases lately by the Motor Union, the Magistrates blindly accepted the constable's testimony and imposed heavy fines. I am more than pleased to learn that the Executive Committee of the Automobile Club has strongly recommended the General Committee to take the matter up and have the cases stoutly appealed at the Quarter Sessions.



LORD RAGLAN, GOVERNOR OF THE ISLE OF MAN, ENTERING MR. FISHER ORDE'S CAR AT RAMSEY.

Photograph by G. B. Corwen.



THE ELIMINATING TRIALS: MR. CHARLES JARROTT ON HIS WOLSELEY RACER.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

The Derby—The Second Spring—Goodwood—Ante-post Betting—Riding Races.

I DO not think speculators are acting wisely in accepting 7 to 4 about St. Amant for the Derby, as it is possible that John o' Gaunt could be made a lot better than he was on the Two Thousand day, while Henry the First was very backward when running over the Rowley Mile, and he should be much straighter at Epsom. Clonmell is still fancied by the sharps for the Derby. He has returned to the Curragh to finish his training, but he will have to improve twenty-eight pounds on his Two Thousand Guineas running to get into the first three. I am still of the opinion that M. E. Blanc's chosen, Ajax or Gouvernant, will be hard to beat in the race for the English Derby. Of course, M. Blanc will send the better of the two to this country, despite rumours to the contrary, as he is anxious to once more avenge Waterloo. I think, from what we have seen of our classic races up to the present, we can confidently conclude that Pretty Polly is ten pounds better than the best three-year-old colt in training, and that she will, bar accidents, win both the Oaks and the St. Leger in a trot.

There will be a big gathering of the "Upper Ten" at Newmarket this week, as the King is to be present for the three days of the Second Spring Meeting. The racing is not likely to be above the average, but it is hoped that His Majesty will win one or two races. The King's filly, Rosemarket, is said to be good for the Bedford Stakes. I think Amitié will win the Spring Stakes. The chief dish of the meeting will, of course, be the race for the Newmarket Stakes, but on paper it looks next-door to being a gift for St. Amant unless John o' Gaunt comes to the rescue of the fielders. There are fifty entries for the Payne Stakes, run over the last mile and a-half of the Cesarewitch course. John o' Gaunt is hardly likely to start for this race, which is lucky for the Management, as his presence would frighten away all serious opposition. Sweeper, who makes a noise, may run, but he was badly beaten in a home gallop. Lancashire is not quite wound up, but the American-bred Bobrinski may effect a surprise if he can beat The Warrior, who has yet to run up to his trial.

The new Stands at Goodwood will be ready for the meeting to be held on July 26 and three following days. His Grace the Duke of Richmond has taken the liveliest interest in the alterations, which, I am told, are being carried out under the personal supervision of Mr. Joseph Davis, the Managing Director of Hurst Park, who is one of our ablest racing officials. I am glad to be able to announce that a constant supply of pure drinking-water will for the future be obtainable at Goodwood. Years ago I told of water being at a premium on the course. Indeed, the racecourse refreshment-caterers looked askance if a customer asked for water with whisky instead of soda-water, which was given away free gratis and for nothing. Further—and here was my real grievance—extortionate prices were charged for the water given to the poor brake and char-à-banc horses that had toiled up the terrible hill. All this will be altered in the future, and I congratulate those responsible for the change.

With the decision of the Chester Cup and the Jubilee Stakes, ante-post betting may be said to freeze up for a time. The market over the Manchester Whitsuntide Cup is generally very weak, and, although plenty of quotations are early obtainable on the Royal Hunt Cup, the 'cute speculators now wait until the day of the race before making their solid investments. Eleventh-hour favourites have had such an innings during the last three or four years that bookmakers fight shy of opening ante-post volumes, and the Continental list men, as a consequence, offer absurdly short prices, as they are unable to do any hedging. I should have explained, by-the-bye, that the hedging is actually done before the public make any bets at all, by the English agents of the Continental firms taking all the long prices obtainable about likely horses directly betting opens in this country on any big race. The racing public are gradually beginning to see that it is a silly game to back the horses trained in certain stables before the owners' commissions have been worked.

Those who have eyes to see realise that the old-fashioned way of riding races should be discouraged. Jockeys like Madden, Lane, Maher, Trigg, and many of the apprentices try and win their race by waiting in front, but there are others who dilly-dally about until it is too late, and then come with one mad rush, only to be beaten, often on a certainty, by a head. The jockey who is slow out of the slips in these days of electric starting-tapes should be relegated to an easier profession. Besides, it is confusion worse confounded to the handicapper when a slow, old-fashioned rider is put up on a horse for one race, while for another a smart, latter-day rider is utilised. I think the Stewards of the Jockey Club should go carefully into the matter and decide upon something like a sensible plan for the riding of races.

CAPTAIN COE.

MR. GUY BOOTHBY.

Mr. Guy Boothby, the famous novelist, is an Australian who, though not yet thirty-seven, has crammed a great deal into his life, for his novels are both long and numerous, and they have most alluring titles, such as "The Beautiful White Devil," "The Red Rat's Daughter," "The Mystery of the Clapsed Hands," and "A Millionaire's Love Story." His most famous creation, perhaps, is "Dr. Nikola," a sort of Sherlock Holmes personage who figured for a long time on the London hoardings in the company of a large black cat. Mr. Boothby's father was a Member of the South Australian House of Assembly, and his grandfather was Mr. Justice Boothby. He has travelled a great deal, and is one of the few people who can boast of having crossed Australia from north to south. All manly sports have in him a devoted adherent, as you would naturally judge to look at his stalwart frame and healthy countenance. He loves dogs, and breeds them, as well as horses and cattle, and, what is more singular, he collects live fish.



A POPULAR NOVELIST AT PLAY: MR. GUY BOOTHBY ON HIS LAUNCH NEAR SUNBURY-ON-THAMES.

Photograph by Fall, Baker Street, W.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE telephone, it has been said, is responsible for more heated English and deep-seated rages than was thought possible to a placid generation until its appearance. With some impatient subscribers it is, indeed, a question whether its advantages are not counterbalanced by its powers of aggravation in the hands of

match, this particular mousseline-de-soie was most particularly smart, and Redfern had added, to complete its effect, a pelerine *en suite*, with an elaborate guipure stole. I recommend anyone who admires quite new and original colouring to follow up that frock at Conduit Street. Talking of Redfern, his dress-exhibits for the St. Louis Exhibition offer an object-lesson to the world in magnificence. An evening-cloak which Napoleon's Josephine would have worn regally is of cloth in the new "chalk" tone of white. Embroideries of white silk and silver, cut out on a background of gathered white satin, add to its splendours, and the wide flowing cape-sleeves, which readily admit the evening-bodice, can, by a new contrivance, be gathered at the wrist into a clever semblance of sleeves.

One of the dresses to be most admired where all are so impressive was of brown tulle, delicately embroidered in a raised design of brown and silver roses, while glinting through the folds a pale-blue silk lining was visible as the wearer walked. There were dozens of other lovely frocks, but their glories are at the moment in silver tissue-paper, from which they will not emerge until opening-day. It almost seems worth the journey to see Redfern's frocks make their debut.

Apropos, one does not see so many undraped necks on the girl of the period this Season as last, and decent draperies of lace cover up many throats which erstwhile displayed undue development of muscle and corded tissue. Weeks's "Featherbone" collar-frame is largely responsible for the change. It is called the "Phyllis," and of entirely new shape and design, easily covered with lace, and attachable to any neckband, being made in sizes of twelve inches to fifteen and a-half. The "Phyllis" can be had in silk, chiffon, or gauze, and, being obtainable from any draper, may be justly considered one of the most useful small inventions of the day.

Talking of chiffons and such fairy fabrics reminds me that Mortimer Brothers, of Cobourg Street, Plymouth, have established a special reputation for their *nettoyage à sec*. Lace cloaks, frocks, and other delicate confections can be cleaned whole and returned to their



[Copyright.]

WHITE SERGE TRIMMED WITH WHITE BRAID.

a pert telephone-girl. One distinct result of its introduction, however, is that the facility of communication has given rise to a free-and-easy sociability which the daily post could never compass or countenance. Little dinners, theatre-parties, motor-drives, and other impromptu diversions variously, are arranged at a moment's notice, while the lengthy invitation to a stately banquet that will be consumed four weeks hence grows gradually rarer and more rare—for much of which the telephone is to be thanked. One knows women who now hardly ever write a letter, and almost think it a grievance to pencil a telegram. To such benighted laziness have we come. What final solution the telephone obsession in Society will develop, who can tell? Impaired tempers, for one thing, the complete entombment of pen-and-ink, for another, and a great increase in the gaiety of nations, for a third. *Vive*, therefore, that ear-splitting gong which is at once so accursed and convenient!

At Kempton last week-end the weather kept up its previous record behaviour, and a great display of spring millinery was the result. All the smart frocks were built on the long, flowing lines which have been borrowed and improved on from early Victorian period. Short skirts are being clearly relegated to their proper place as useful only, while freely falling draperies hold the field. A little black taffeta mousseline, built by Redfern for a friend, was very smart, with dozens of tiny ribbon ruches and delicious sleeves of *écru*-embroidered lawn. There is a new and charming shade, between brown and mouse-colour, called "London Smoke," which the same notable firm exploits with immense effect. Inlet with bands of lace dyed to



[Copyright.]

WHITE OVER MAUVE.

owners as if brand-new from the dressmaker when treated by the Mortimer process, and, as "cleaning" enters so largely into the smart woman's arrangements nowadays, it is useful to know when and how its apotheosis is discoverable.

The Opera waxes increasingly splendid each year from the point of jewels and frocks, and, as a spectacle, outvies all Continental rivals. A wonderful gown of soft-toned green chiffon was worn by a smart American woman at Saturday's performance, and her jewels, which consisted of a high crown and necklace of diamonds and peridots, made immense effect. The peridot is a lustrous green stone, and, though out of fashion for many years, is now on the eve of a great revival. The colour is a rich, full green, and, intermixed with diamonds or merely mounted with gold, these stones look very handsome. Another advantage is that they are quite inexpensive—a quality that does not usually obtrude itself in the

THE "MAPPIN" SHIELD COMPETED FOR AT OLYMPIA.

matter of fascinating jewels. The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company have just obtained a concession from the Khedive which will enable them to secure the entire output of the Egyptian mines, and some magnificent specimen stones are at the moment on view at the Company's show-rooms which should be seen by connoisseurs and collectors as well as those who contemplate additions to their jewel-safes.

As an example of the artistic heights to which the modern lapidary attains, this sketch of a corsage-spray by the Parisian Diamond Company is inserted. The superb workmanship is so self-evident that it needs no comment. But one fact is worthy of remark, and that is the acknowledged inferiority of our once-cherished "old paste" possessions as compared with the masterpieces of the Parisian Diamond Company's master craftsmen. Their extraordinary skill has beaten all rivals, "ancient or modern," out of the field.

I have been asked by a country cousin to send a list of "plays that will make one laugh." For genuine, spontaneous, irresponsible comedy, an evening with Mr. George Alexander at the St. James's may be freely recommended. "'Op o' Me Thumb," which precedes "Saturday to Monday," should by all means be seen.

SYBIL.

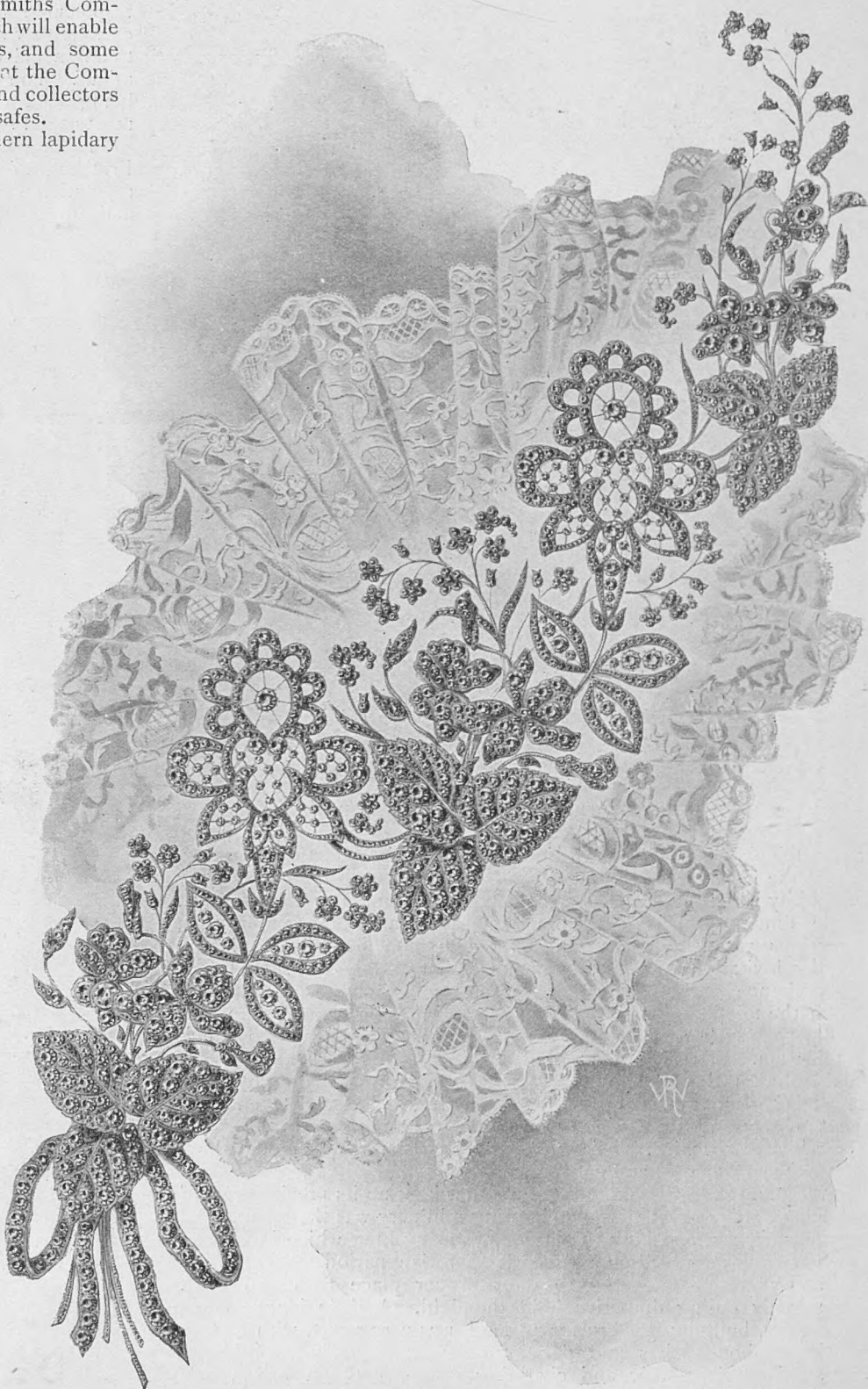
Nowadays, when so many crude and bad whiskies are foisted on an indiscriminating public, and in some cases the so-called "old Scotch" is actually manufactured in Germany from ingredients that were better left unmentioned and un-analysed, it behoves one to be careful in selection. Fortunately there are many brands of unquestioned purity, and among the best are those of Messrs. James Watson and Co., Limited, of Dundee, whose excellent blends are so grateful to the palate of the connoisseur that they have attained a world-wide reputation.

Margate has for long been a favourite resort of Londoners, not only on account of the many attractions it offers the holiday-maker, but also because of its health-giving breezes and comparative nearness. Each year it grows in popular favour, and the latest addition to its amenities is not by any means one of the least important. No longer is it necessary for the jaded business-man or invalid to go far afield to seek recuperation, since the Cliftonville Hydro, which opened its doors on the 4th inst., brings within easy reach of town all the advantages hitherto associated in one's mind with places much more remote. Situated on one of the most elevated and picturesque spots in Thanet, the Cliftonville commands fine views of sea and land, and its internal arrangements are in keeping with its surroundings. It is, in fact, a splendidly equipped private hotel where visitors have also the inestimable advantage of the best treatment for their particular ailments. Medicated, electrical, Turkish, and other baths are provided, and a medical man is always in attendance. The lighting, heating, and culinary arrangements are of the latest and best, and when one adds that the furnishing has been carried out by Messrs. Maple and Co., nothing more need be said on that particular point. On the opening day a special train conveyed a number of invited guests from town, and on this occasion the South-Eastern and Chatham Company more than maintained their reputation for punctuality, for the distance of some seventy-odd miles was negotiated in about an hour and a-half, the train arriving several minutes under the scheduled time.

CHINESE DELICACIES IN LONDON.

I am gradually evolving a theory that all good feeding really originated in China (writes "The Clubman"). I am quite sure that the Celestials ate roast pheasant when our ancestors gnawed bones in caves, and it was only a couple of generations ago that bird-nest soup, which the Chinese had supped since the days of Confucius, appeared upon our menus. Now, "Bêche de Mer," which has been for centuries a Chinese delicacy, seems to be finding its way to British dinner-tables. I tasted it at a Club dinner a little while ago, and last week a friend gave me some of it at Romano's, the little restaurant in the Strand, as the commencement of a dinner which ended with a wondrous Malay curry. It is said that the Chinese junks searching for the sea-slug, which the Chinese call "Tripang" when dried and we call "Bêche de Mer," discovered Australia long before ships reached that coast from Europe. The soup tastes somewhat like turtle, but is, if anything, richer. If we British take to "Bêche de Mer," as seems likely, we may in another few years prefer rice-fed Cantonese puppy-dog to sucking-pig, but I cannot believe that we shall ever, while we keep the sense of smell, feed on that supreme delicacy of China, dried sharks'-fins.

The "Miniature Bisley," at Olympia, was a highly successful meeting, and attracted much interest among marksmen and military men generally. The handsome shield competed for and illustrated on this page was presented by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, of London and Sheffield, who also supplied (to order) a number of gold, silver, and bronze medals.



AN ARTISTIC CORSAGE-SPRAY BY THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on May 25

THE WEEK AND THE TOUTS.

THE spasmodic fit of the blues which the market passed through on Thursday is one of those "ups-and-downs" which must be expected at a period when the markets are slowly emerging from a long period of depression, and should not be taken too seriously by those who are inclined to take a hand in a little speculative investment.

When business is reviving, such little set-backs are the very life-blood of the advertising tout and bucket-shop keeper, and, at a time when every householder is being inundated with circulars from all sorts and conditions of outside broker, it is well to repeat our threadbare warning to *Sketch* readers against gambling on the 1 per cent. cover system, especially when, as they are sure to do, they send their ten or twenty pounds after a day or two of prosperity, and just when the markets are ripe for a little set-back. At any time, to buy stock on the 1 per cent., or even on the 2 per cent., cover system is to court disaster, especially at tape prices; but, if "fools and their money must be parted," at least the fortunate possessors of the cash may as well have an off-chance of success by making their purchases on the top of a day of depression, and not after a few days of cheerful markets, when a reaction sufficient to swamp their poor cover is almost inevitable.

FOREIGN RAILWAYS.

Self-praise having a conventionally bad name, we suppose it is not permissible to refer to our recent tips to buy Mexican Railway stocks, so we refrain. The dividend on the First Preference is so unexpectedly good that we should not be greatly surprised to see something of a reaction after the recent smart rise in the price of the stock, but that it will gradually go to 85 in time we have little doubt. Our contention that Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary is bound to touch par is another prophecy that stands good, although we admit that the profit now accessible to those who bought upon our earlier suggestions is a very tempting one to secure. If it be thought well to take it, there are plenty of other promising issues in this section, particulars of two—the Puerto Cabello and Cordoba and Rosario Second Preference—we gave last week. The Transandine Company's stock is well spoken of as a coming thing in this market, while, to go farther afield amongst South Americans, Antofagasta Railway stock and Lima Railway shares are both good investments of the speculative type.

MINING MATTERS.

Whether the oft-signed Ordinance be actually signed or not by the time these Notes appear, it may be well to underline the fact that several months will have to elapse before the new labourers get into proper swing. We know that certain financial prophets sneer at the bare suggestion of time being required for the industry to get back to a state of substantial prosperity, but some folks are so over-sanguinely constituted that they allow their bullish temperaments to get the better of their reason, for common-sense would seem to urge the necessity of some period being required before the mines can re-start to the full extent of their capacity. Those who are content to hold Kaffirs for much better prices in the future may be safely advised to look into the merits of Robinson Central Deep, South African Gold Trust, and City and Suburban shares—a trio each member of which represents an entirely distinct class of undertaking connected with the gold-mining industry. Rhodesians, as we have recently remarked, should be left alone; if a gamble be wanted, H. E. Props at anything like 4 are generally worth having. In the other mining sections, the quiet advance of Waihi will probably be continued until the shares stand nearer their intrinsic value of about 6½, and there is a likelihood of Waihi Grand Junctions being rigged still higher, although the present price is very hard to justify. West Australians are growing to be considered more as highly speculative investments than counters from which quick profits may be snatched, and of the dividend-payers we continue to look upon Great Boulder Proprietary as one of the most satisfactory in the market.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"It must be the life of a dog," soliloquised Our Stroller, as he watched the Kaffir Circus crowd a few nights ago.

(Parenthetically, and in order that any of our readers may know our friend when they see him in Throgmorton Street, The Stroller is to be described as tall, spare, frock-coated, with a bushy moustache, and blue of eye. He usually smokes cigarettes, being above cigars now that the best Cuban tobacco is so hard to obtain.)

"A dog's life," he repeated to himself. "How any self-respecting man—"

A lithe figure, crowned by the most extraordinary-looking face, bounced up and down like an animated tennis-ball, screaming for "Moddahs."

"And we shall see them all as flat as a country choir to-morrow," complained a little man who was smoking a pipe.

"Good simile," his friend returned. "But I don't see why they should be flat, all the same. To me the market looks as good as gold."

"The innocence of youth!" ejaculated the smoker. "Nobody really imagines that we shall have Kaffirs continuously good."

"Of course not. Where would you and I be without the ups-and-downs of the market?"

"If there were no downs for a month, we should both be nearer Park Lane than we are now, my boy."

"You mean the public would come in more readily than they're doing now?" observed a broker who had joined the group.

"I do," was the reply. "You can't honestly say that ours is a Public House yet, however much we may wish it were."

"The *double entendre*—?"

"Yes, come on. Say where."

Our Stroller looked after them with an eye of sadness. "It shows they can't be over-taxed with trade," he commented, when a voice near by began bidding for Johnnies and Barneys.

"My properties, too!" said our friend to himself. "Well, I have a decent profit on them now. Wonder if I ought to take it?"

"What are Johnnies?" asked a man who had just hurried up with a dealing-book.

A jobber told him, and after the usual haggling for a closer price the broker sold him 250 shares.

"My man is convinced they're going better ultimately," observed the broker, "but thinks he will get them back more cheaply before then."

"That's not unlikely," the buyer replied. "Personally, I'm rather that way as regards the whole market."

"Buy them on a flat day and sell on a good one, eh? The theory is all right so long

as one can rely upon getting sufficient of both sorts of days to make the speculation worth while."

"H'mh'm. You must remember that not even the Jungle itself can show such a display of truth-economisers as the Kaffir Circus, and rumours are generally effective in a market where the public is not represented."

"Ought to be shot," returned the broker, a trifle vaguely. "Good-night."

"Simple as shelling peas," our friend heard another explain at his side. "You only want a fair amount of capital and you make money like the very dickens."

"Yes, but how? I know they do, but what's the *modus operandi*?"

"Suppose a man comes to you through one of your advertisements and says he wants to buy a Bertha on the cover-system. Sends you a tenner deposit."

"After which?"

"You send him a contract at the highest price quoted on the Tape at the time you get the order. Client thinks the price has only got to rise a point and he makes a tenner."

"Well, doesn't he?"

"Suppose the price is 120 to 120½ on the Tape. The client buys at 120½ and has to wait till it rises to 121½-122 before getting his tenner."

"I tumble. And, of course, it only has to fall to—what?"

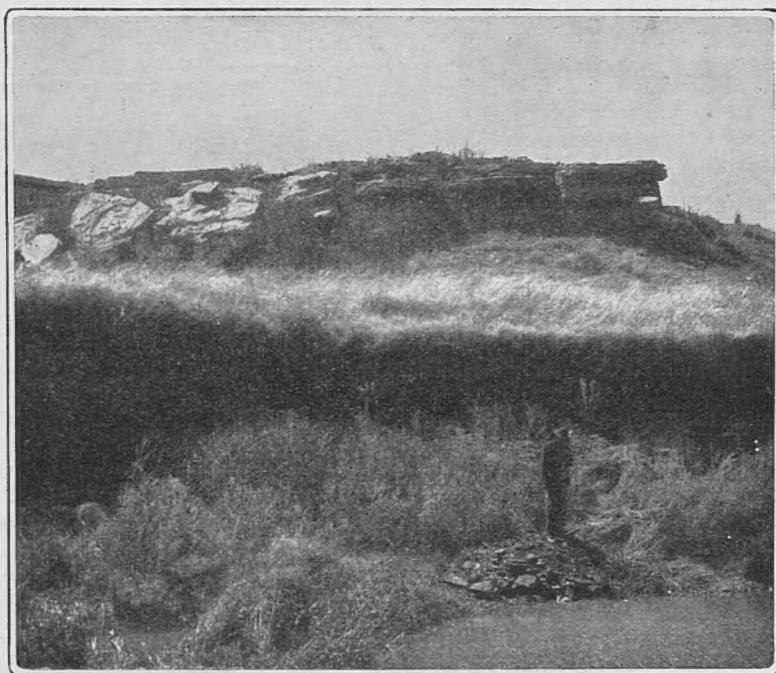
"To 119½-120 for his deposit money to go, and he has most of the chances against him too. Oh, I tell you, it's a jolly paying game, a bucket-shop."

"Let's go and start one, shall we? But are there any fools left?"

"Your question shows there is one, at all events. Who are you punching?"

As the pair moved off, The Stroller thought disconsolately of a few futile flutters he had indulged in on the cover-system. "Never again," quoth he, stepping on to the pavement and being pushed resistlessly towards the west end of Throgmorton Street.

A posse of men under the arch by Warnford Court were earnestly



COAL IN THE TRANSVAAL: STEENHOOLSPRUIT. THE BOY IS STANDING ON COAL EXCAVATED ON THE SPOT.

talking about certain "Devels." The Stroller could not catch the name for some time.

"All I can say is that the most knowing people assure me the price will go to 6."

"Shillings or pence?"

"Laugh as much as you like. I can't say I love these sudden rises, but my information ought to be good enough."

"According to Crocker and others, they've got gold, silver, copper, and nobody knows what on their properties in the Straits Settlements."

"Titles all proved and labour abundant," added a fourth. "And yet I distrust them, too. They are far too general a tip."

"At their present price, Duffs are best left to duffers," chuckled a fifth.

"Duff Developments," concluded The Stroller, sagely. "I've heard of those before. Same man told me to buy them who wanted me to go in for New Eras. Guess I'll look on in both cases."

"It is: a most remarkable thing," and the speaker brought his umbrella down on the pavement with unnecessary violence.

"It goes to prove my contention that the average investor will only buy stock he knows something about, either by personal experience or hearsay."

"There are all our Debenture stocks steadily rising in the Miscellaneous Market and yet the underwriters got saddled with a good slice of the Urban Electricity $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Debenture issue."

"Well-secured, isn't it?"

"Excellently, my dear fellow. It is really sound stock and I bought a bit for my wife's money. When the price creeps up to about 105 you will have a general inquiry for it. I know few better stocks of its kind at the moment."

A motor landaulet crept noiselessly along the Street, and discharged its hooter full into The Stroller's ear. So he said afterwards. The back-wheel of the car glided remorselessly over his fallen cigarette.

"Admirable self-control!" cried a gay voice from behind. "I didn't hear you say a word."

The Stroller turned round and shook hands with his broker. "I fear it was what *Punch* called a most profane silence," he admitted.

"Try one of these," and the broker held out a cigar-case. "Got any views?"

"Yes. I'm going to sell some of my Johnnies and those Anglo-French I bought the other day."

"Think you're right, too. Have them back cheaper afterwards, eh? Come along."

The sale took less than three minutes to negotiate, after which the talk turned upon racing matters, which, of course, can have no possible interest—no possible, probable shadow of interest for followers of the cult of *haute finance*. Therefore—

Saturday, May 7, 1904.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 108, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CHIFF-CHAFF.—You have been robbed. If you cared to go to the expense and prosecute at the Guildhall for obtaining money by false pretence; you would be doing a public service. The "exceptional news" on April 21 was, of course, all humbug. After reading the papers you sent us, we can only say you deserve no pity. See this week's Notes, which merely repeat what we have said over and over again, until we are ashamed to repeat the warnings.

ANTI.—We do not decide questions of card-playing. Write to the Field.

E. C. J.—We hope your initials are correct, but your writing is—well, a little difficult to read. (1) The Puerto Cabello shares are a good speculative purchase. Our remarks last week were not unduly optimistic. (2) Cuban Central Pref. might do. (3) Sons of Gwalia will pay a dividend in June.

On the 21st inst. (the Saturday before Whitsun) the New Palace Steamers *Royal Sovereign* and *Koh-i-noor* will commence their sailings from Old Swan Pier, London Bridge, to Southend, Margate, and Ramsgate. During the past winter months these fine boats have been thoroughly overhauled, all the Board of Trade requirements have been complied with and improvements made, and everything possible has been done to ensure safety and comfort. Specially reduced fares are offered for parties of twelve and over, particulars of which may be obtained at the Company's Offices, 50, King William Street, E.C.

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